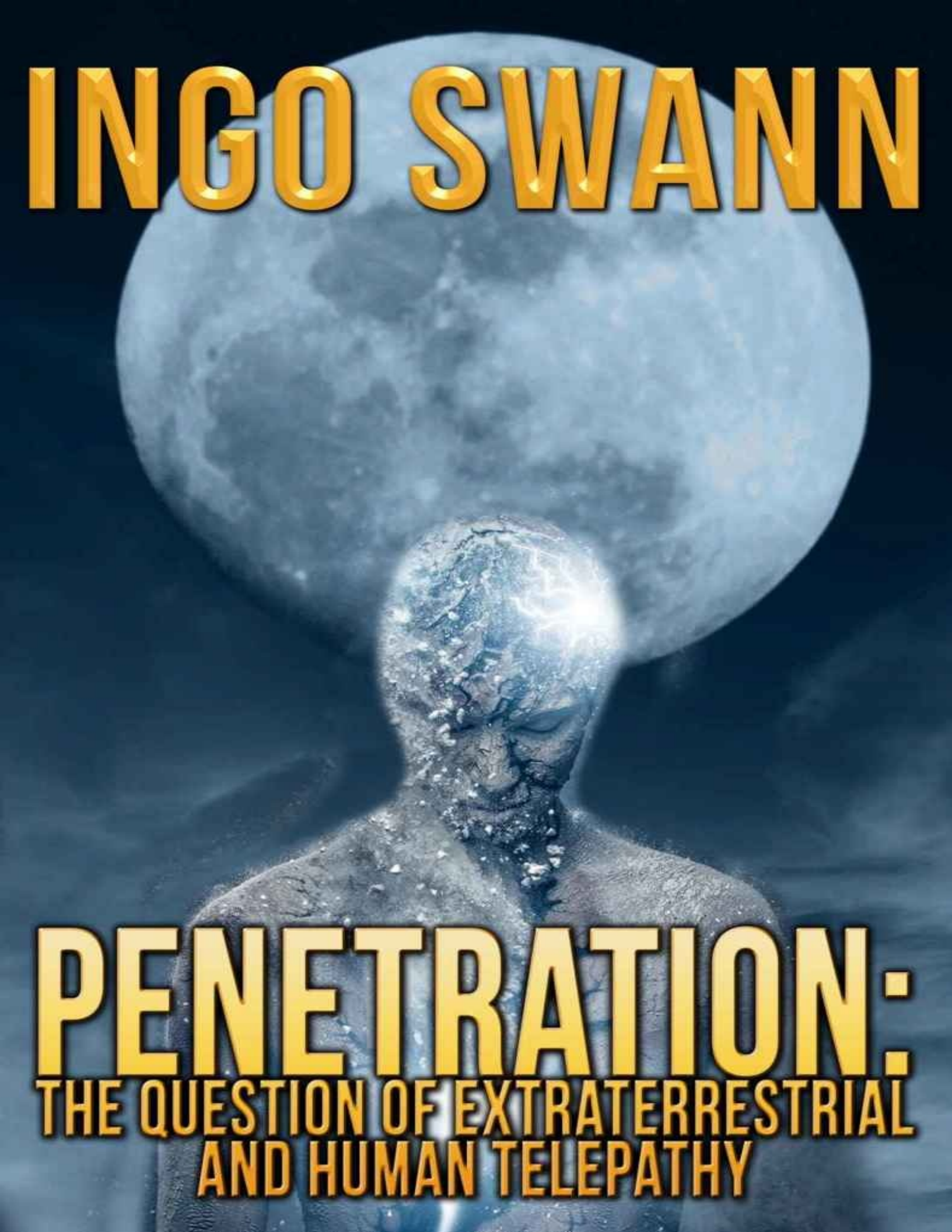
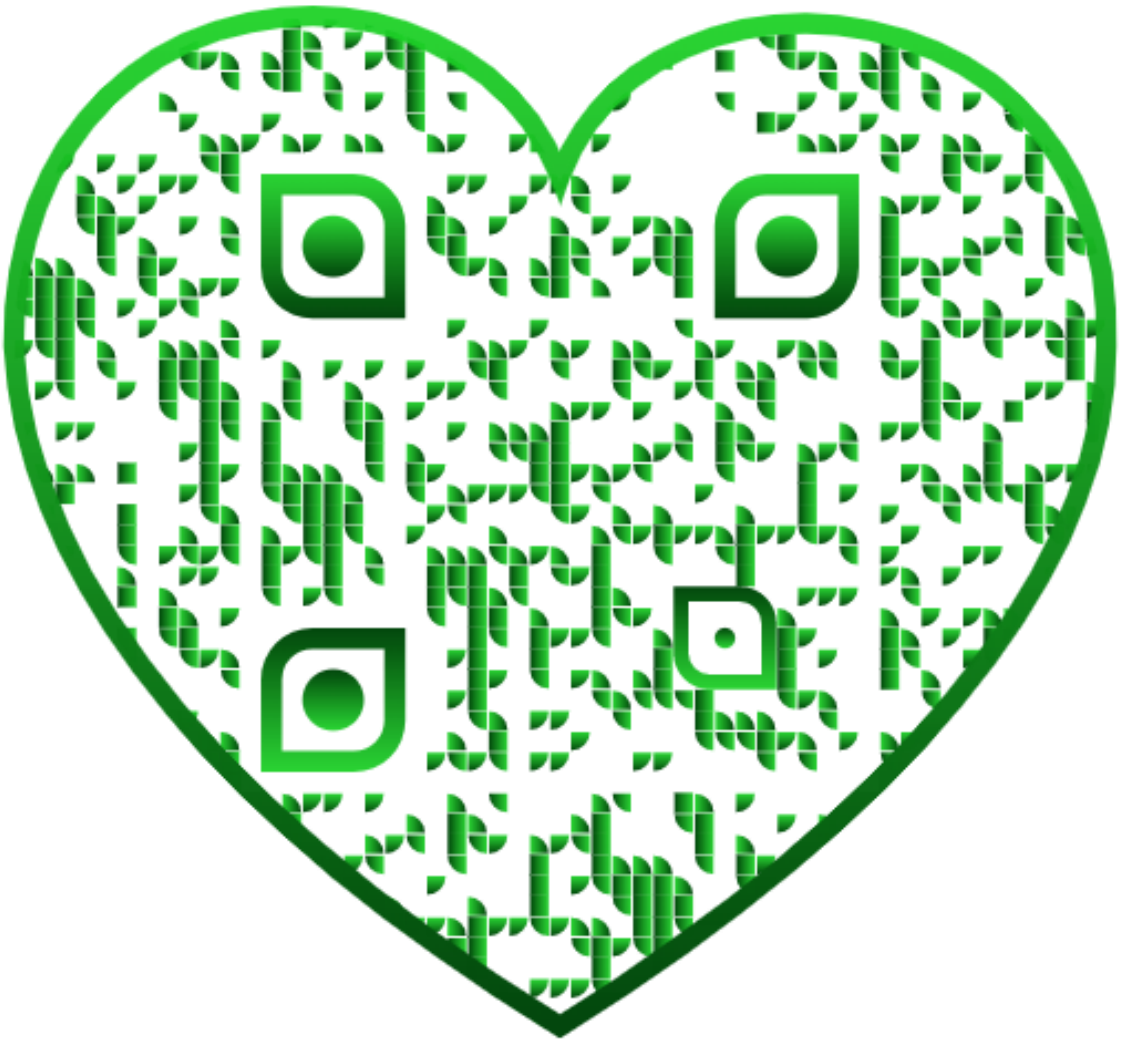

INGO SWANN
PENETRATION:
THE QUESTION OF EXTRATERRESTRIAL
AND HUMAN TELEPATHY



PENETRATION: THE QUESTION OF EXTRATERRESTRIAL AND HUMAN TELEPATHY

By Ingo Swann

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Meet the Author

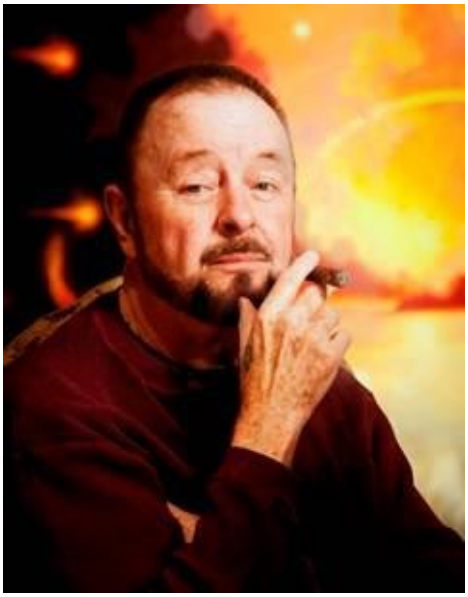

Photo courtesy of Maryanne Bilham-Knight

INGO SWANN was internationally known as an advocate and researcher of the exceptional powers of the human mind, and as a leading figure in governmental and scientific projects to investigate and identify the scope of subtle human perceptions.

Since 1970, his name and work have been incorporated into most contemporary books about PSI and the "paranormal." He was featured in four volumes of Time-Life's bestselling series entitled *Mysteries of the Unknown*. His contributive work has achieved broad media notice and been featured in every major American/British television documentary on the subject of PSI phenomena and Remote Viewing. Swann has been interviewed and/or profiled in dozens of magazines, including *Time*, *Reader's Digest*, *Smithsonian* and *Newsweek*.

Swann's early work in parapsychology, as a noted and highly successful "guinea pig," made him a psychic superstar in that field. His subsequent research on behalf of American intelligence interests, including that of the CIA, won him top PSI-spy status. His involvement in government research projects required the discovery of innovative approaches toward the actual realizing of subtle human energies. He viewed PSI powers as only parts of the larger spectrum of human sensing systems.

The author of more than ten books, including *Penetration: The Question of*

Extraterrestrial and Human Telepathy; *Psychic Sexuality;* and *To Kiss Earth Goodbye*, a memoir of his childhood and early years in PSI research, Swann was also a visionary artist. His paintings can be found in many private collections and museums, such as The National Air and Space Museum, the Association for Research and Enlightenment (A.R.E.) and The American Visionary Art Museum: Swann's Remote Viewing research files are housed at the University of West Georgia, Ingram Library, Special Collections.

Find out more at the website: http://www.biomindsuperpowers.com

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PENETRATION

(Definitions Of)

1. To pass into or through;
2. To enter by overcoming resistance; 3. To pierce;

4. To see into or through

5. To discover the inner meaning or contents of; 6. To pierce something with the eye or mind; 7. Having the power of entering, piercing or pervading; 8. The act of entering so that actual establishment of influence is accomplished.

PREFACE

This small book is divided into three parts. And it is with regard to the first part that I join a very long list of those who have seen and experienced things they cannot prove happened.

The second part is on much firmer ground. It is largely a brief synopsis of spectacular data and facts about the Moon that have achieved exposure elsewhere, and which provide evidence that the Moon is a very interesting place, indeed.

I have selected only small portions from all of the unusual lunar information available, but have provided sources in the bibliography for those interested in more copious details.

The third part begins with a presentation of certain social phenomena regarding the problems of telepathy that can be factually identified. These, however, set the background for the strange and surprising scenario they lead into, although the scenario is admittedly speculative in nature.

Some have advised me not to publish this book on the grounds that it challenges those echelons of conventional credibility that lasciviously get off on deconstructing those unfortunates who experience what they can't prove.

I have been mindful of this opportunistic factor for several decades. But my age is advancing and I have become interested in recording and wrapping up my active research into Psi phenomena in order to pursue less stressful vistas.

As I have discussed in other writings, I've always been interested in Psi phenomena, and beginning in 1970 it chanced that opportunities to extend that interest in depth were made available.

Anyone with more than a mere superficial interest in Psi phenomena must of course encounter the rather smelly morass of social resistance whereby the authenticity of those phenomena are methodically deconstructed, thus suspending them in doubt.

This social resistance, even if smelly, has largely been successful in destroying all concerted approaches to Psi phenomena. This success is specifically active within high strata of societal power, and which strata are otherwise entirely disinterested in what lesser mortals DO experience along these lines.

Why it is that governing societal factors need to deconstruct the provable existence of at least some vital Psi phenomena is therefore something that needs

to be examined and understood.

Along these lines of inquiry, the existence and methods of the machinations against Psi *development* can easily be brought to light. But the *reasons* that govern the implementation of the machinations none the less remain obscured.

Thus, the societal resistance to Psi breaks neatly into two aspects: to prevent Psi development; and to keep obscure the actual reasons for doing so.

One reason for the blanket suppression which has been offered up by many before me is that effective formats of Psi would disturb any number of social institutions. Those institutions would feel "threatened" by developed formats of, say, telepathy, which might thereafter be utilized to penetrate their secrets.

There is some rather clear truth in this. Indeed, it is because of this truth that some echelons of humans are at war with the Psi potentials of the human species because those echelons have motivations they would prefer never to be disclosed via Psi penetration.

If this is the case, the chief preventive measure would be to stamp out altogether any real understanding of Psi. Indeed, something like this has taken place.

And there cognizance of the nature of the situation might remain more or less being defined as humans in conflict with their own Psi potentials because Psi penetrates secrets.

Indeed, on my part for a long time I assumed that this was the beginning and end of the story regarding the methodical suppression of Psi by high societal echelons such as represented by government, science, academe and media.

As it happened, however, the events described in Part One of this book occurred beginning in 1975.

These are the events I can't prove. None the less they made somewhat visible another possible aspect that might be factored into the odiferous suppression of Psi that was already familiar to me.

This aspect required that I introduce two unusual terms: EARTHSIDE and SPACESIDE. These refer, of course, to Earthside intelligence and Spaceside intelligence.

The central hypothesis of this book is that if developed Psi potentials would be an invasive threat to Earthside intelligences, then developed Earthside Psi would also be a threat to Spaceside intelligences.

After all, in that telepathy, for example, is invasively defined as reading minds, the distinction between reading Earthside minds and Spaceside minds would be very narrow.

The only real problem in considering this is whether or not Spacesiders exist.

I have decided not to enter into the relevant debate about this issue, but direct

the reader to the copious literature already existing, with special regard to the weekly UFO ROUND-UP that can be located in the Internet (see bibliography).

The inclusion in this book of the story I can't prove is not being offered as evidence about the existence of Spaceside intelligence, but because the reader deserves to know why I have concluded there is far more to telepathy than commonly conceived in Earthside terms.

In this, the thinking proceeds from actual experience and not from analyzing the information packages presented in the works of others.

The works of others, of course, have proved to be valuable in the long run, and they certainly introduce a modicum of authenticity that would otherwise go completely missing.

In the end, though, the authenticity of my personal, unprovable, experience probably doesn't need to be considered all that much because the drift of accumulating information is inexorably leading to establishing the authentic existence of extraterrestrial intelligences anyway.

One factor that won't be apparent throughout this book is the large amount of time (years actually) it took to achieve the synthesis of the factors presented. I tend to be a rather slow thinker, and am sometimes even slower on the up-take.

I had originally intended to include a lengthy discussion regarding the probability that telepathy might be a universal "language" system of some kind that operates through consciousness entities everywhere.

I briefly allude to this in Part Three, but otherwise have decided to include that discussion in another work because it needs a larger information basis that includes the nature of energy organisms.

But I feel obliged to comment on some of the reasons I decided to go ahead with the book after so many years have passed.

In late 1990, I read a well-documented report of a large UFO craft sighted in the former USSR.

The report indicated that the sighting was attested to by General Igor Maltsev, chief of the main staff of Air Defense Forces, and published in *Tabochaya IJibuna, 19,* dated April 1990.

The report quoted General Maltsev as saying: "I am not a specialist on UFOs and therefore I can only correlate the data and express my own supposition. According to the evidence of these eyewitnesses, the UFO is a disk with a diameter from 100 to 200 meters. Two pulsating lights were positioned on its sides…"

The article went on to state that UFOs are piloted craft and contradicted the suggestion that they are mere atmospheric phenomena. If the sighted craft was indeed 200 meters, it was about 650 feet, or somewhat larger than a football

field.

Meanwhile, there were other notable sightings elsewhere, and video footage was being obtained regarding a lot of them. Such reports got me ruminating about my 1975 experiences, with the result that I decided to write them down before my memory began deteriorating more than it already had.

Between 1976 and 1990, I gradually concluded that Earthsiders and Spacesiders didn't seem to have much in common with the exception of telepathy.

By all contactee and abductee accounts, telepathic capacities seem to be well-developed by the ET's, but remained quite undeveloped Earthside.

I expanded the narration of the events to include some fundamental considerations of telepathy, and which theorized WHY development of telepathy is suppressed Earthside.

In due course, I showed the manuscript to my then literary rep, who got excited about it, and thought that its successful publication was a sure and easy thing.

Over twenty publishers turned it down even in the face of the fact that much UFO-ET stuff ranging from bullshit to the sublime fantastic was otherwise being published everywhere.

This blanket rejection on such a large scale remains, as it were, mysterious. Perhaps it can be interpreted as some kind of subtle, large-scale media control.

But one possible explanation might be that as outrageous as the tale and telepathic considerations are, something in them moves too close to Someone's comfort.

In any event, because of frustration, embarrassment, etc., I abandoned this book project. And some more years passed. In about March, 1998, however, certain articles and TV reports centering on ET possibilities began circulating, among which were a few entitled "Astonishing Intelligent Artifacts (?) Found On Mysterious Far Side Of The Moon."

Then, via a report in the Internet authored by David Derbyshire, dated May 14, 1998, it seems that a "24,000 mph UFO" buzzed Britain on May 13, 1998.

THIS craft was tracked by the Royal Air Force and the Dutch Air Force. It was "triangular" and "as big as a battleship. About 900 feet long." British and Dutch interceptors were sent aloft. The Big Thing left them in the mists and went who knows where?

Thus, there are recent authentic reports of UFOs, and indeed they seem present Everywhere, and even boldly reveal themselves to the lenses of Camcorders world-wide.

That the UFOs are driven or managed by Spaceside intelligences simply must

be taken for granted.

And if they have achieved high technological control of consciousness that is commensurate with the high technology of their craft, then I'll bet they are very good at what we Earthsiders refer to as telepathy.

PART I

ULTRA-SECRET GOINGS-ON

CHAPTER 1

INVOLVEMENT IN PSI RESEARCH

The sequence of strange events narrated in this book took place because of my involvement with Psi research, which began out of the blue in 1971 when I was thirty-seven years along.

My life might have flowed along lines presumably more gratifying in mundane but more comfortable ways had I never volunteered to be an experimental subject in Psi research labs.

In these experiments, there were high and low points, successes and failures. And there was the opportunity to meet with many fabulous and wonderful people.

But when one enters into Psi research, one also enters into a narrow cultural subset rather steamed up with high stress factors, intrigues, mainstream confusions, fear and apprehension, internecine warfare, and largish clumps of idiocy.

Additionally, Psi research subjects (guinea pigs) are nonentities who are expected to exhibit Psi manifestations. At the same time they are supposed to know nothing, think nothing, suppose nothing—because the job of knowing, thinking, supposing belongs to the researchers.

The subject is something like a computer chip being tested to see if it can perform in the ways wanted. If the chip doesn't perform in the ways wanted, then it is tossed aside into the big pile of anonymous chips that have likewise failed.

It is thus that the laboratory life-span of a test subject usually does not exceed three months, and during that time they have to undergo endless repetitive testing. One of the major outcomes of this is usually bottomless boredom.

The appearance of boredom is deadly in Psi research—because a bored chip gets into a state of apathy or non-interest, after which its delicate circuitry fizzles.

I knew most of this in advance, largely because Psi phenomena had always been of endless interest to me, and I had done a great deal of organized reading and study. So I had no expectations at all that my allotted three months would somehow turn into nineteen years.

The major reason had not much to do with the Stygian climes of parapsychology itself. Unknown to almost everyone at the time, the American

intelligence services became worried about, of all things, possible development of "psychic warfare advances" in the (now former) Soviet Union.

The intelligence services are heavy players, and because of the Soviet Psi threat they more or less required an active picture of Psi potentials somewhat larger than standard parapsychology could provide. Because of these unusual circumstances, I got dragged into several years of work in this regard.

But this meant that I also got dragged into realms of often idiotic secrecy, into endless security checks conducive of paranoia, into all kinds of science fiction dreamworks, into intelligence intrigues whose various formats were sometimes like toilet drains, and into quite nervous military and political ramifications.

My participation in this long-term affair had its ups and downs—and was to involve hundreds of complicated situations, circumstances, and events of various kinds—of which those narrated in this book were only one kind, albeit the most stressful and mind-boggling.

To get into the elements of the narration, it is necessary to briefly outline what led up to them.

In late 1972 the Central Intelligence Agency funded a small, tentative research project at Stanford Research Institute. The project at SRI was headed by the physicist, Dr. H. E. Puthoff, and I was invited to travel to California to participate in it.

The purpose of the small project was to discover one ESP phenomenon that was capable of being reproduced at will. This was the kind of experiment notoriously missing in parapsychology, but in which I had been somewhat successful earlier.

The project was given eight months to produce something along these lines. So, thereupon began yet another daily exercise involving hundreds of experimental trials. These proceeded up and down in terms of what was being tested, but ultimately DOWN into boredom so cloying that it was hard to face yet another day of it.

In earlyApril, 1973, in an effort to emerge from the daily boredom of repetitive testing (which induces a flatline of ESP activity), I suggested that we once in a while do something far out, something that might reintroduce a sense of adventure, excitement, and enjoyment.

The planet Jupiter was literally far out. NASA had earlier launched Pioneer 10 and 11 to fly-by that planet, and information telemetered back by the two crafts would undergo technical analyses. Information from Pioneer 10 would commence in September, 1973.

The only real difference between Jupiter as a "target," and mundane target objects in the next room, was its distance from Earth. But for me there was

another difference. It would be exciting to try to extend one's ESP to the planet, a form of remote viewing. Jupiter was more remote than the next room—and there might be a thrill of "traveling" in interplanetary space.

But there was yet another difference. Those locked into conventional research mindsets are usually nervous about novel experiments. Conventional mindsets tend to take themselves somewhat seriously, so there is usually resistance to non-conventional experiments.

The resistance is usually first manifested by tar and feathering the proposed experiment (and everyone involved) BEFORE it takes place. If that doesn't squelch the experiment, then it is merely declared ridiculous and laughed out of Sciencetown.

Is not a psychic mind trip to Jupiter laughable?

My colleagues at SRI were, to put it mildly, not interested in being laughed out of town. But I had become quite gloomy since failure-by-boredom was just ahead.

So I had a choice of (1) being laughed out of town, or (2) boredom which clearly could flatline ESP faculties. The resistance to the Jupiter "probe" was overcome when I said "I quit, and you can return what's left of the money to the funding clients."

In any event, I felt it would be interesting to see if the remote-viewing data acquired in April, 1973, might somewhat match the data later revealed by NASA's craft beginning in September, 1973.

The thrill of the idea was to get psychically to Jupiter before the NASA vehicles did. If this worked even somewhat, it was a kind of psychic one-upsmanship. The experiment was done on personal time, on a Saturday, a non-working day.

But it was wrapped in very stringent protocols. At first, the very-long-distance (VLD) experiment was not to be an official one. But the remote-viewing raw data had to be recorded somehow, so that it could be established that it existed prior to the NASA vehicles getting to the planet.

So, at the conclusion of the experiment, copies of the raw data were circulated far and wide, offered to and accepted by many respected scientists in the Silicon Valley area, including two at Jet Propulsion Laboratories. Some scientists, of course, thought the entire idea ridiculous, but these were fewer than one might expect.

For the experiment to be considered successful in any way, the remote viewing data had to include impressions of factors that were not known about the great planet—lest one be accused of reading up beforehand.

As to the raw data itself, this ended up consisting of one page of sketches, and

two and a half pages of verbal observations.

The raw data yielded thirteen factors, and only thirteen, all of which were scientifically unanticipated before they were confirmed by later analysis of the scientific data.

These raw data factors are enumerated below, accompanied by the dates they were confirmed.

1. The existence of a hydrogen mantle: Confirmed September 1973, again in 1975.
2. Storms, wind: Confirmed 1976 as to dimensions and unexpected intensities.
3. Something like a tornado: Confirmed 1976 as strong rotating cyclones.
4. High infrared reading: Confirmed 1974.
5. Temperature inversion: Confirmed 1975.
6. Cloud color and configuration: Confirmed 1979.
7. Dominant orange color: Confirmed 1979.
8. Water/ice crystals in atmosphere: Confirmed 1975.
9. Crystal bands reflect radio probes: Confirmed 1975.
10. Magnetic and electromagnetic auroras ("rainbows"): Confirmed 1975.
11. A planetary RING inside the atmosphere: Confirmed 1979, not only as to its existence, but as being inside the crystallized atmospheric layers.
12. Liquid composition: Confirmed 1973, 1976, as hydrogen in liquid form.
13. Mountains and solid core: Still questionable, but suspected as of 1991.

Six of these thirteen factors were given scientific substantiation by 1975, which is the year that the events narrated in this book begin.

It needs to be pointed up that before it was actually discovered in 1979, most scientists flatly denounced the possibility of the RING, but which had been sketched in the raw data acquired in 1973. And just recently the existence of more refined rings has been confirmed.

For me, the Jupiter experiment effected a cure of my experimental doldrums for a number of reasons.

For one thing, the trip and the sightseeing there were awesome experiences. This was a kind of profound aesthetic impact that can inspire one for many of years.

For another thing, as confirmation feedback began coming in during September, 1973, in the form of scientific announcements, the gossip lines shifted from cold ridicule and began heating up. Lots of notables began coming to lunch at SRI in order to get grounded with the possibilities.

For yet another thing, the CIA, of course, was interested in the possibilities of psychic spying. Although the planetary experiment had not been done on the Company's funded time, it now seemed that the project at SRI was excitedly on the right track.

The Jupiter Probe also received wide media coverage, although not in scientific journals, of course. But then there are all types of people who view science much in the same way that science has traditionally viewed parapsychology.

I now wish to mention an aspect that might go missing otherwise, and does go missing, rather conveniently, as regards a lot of psychic claims and posturing. This has to do with the matter of what are referred to as positive feedback loops.

It is not hard to comprehend what these consist of. One word will do: Confirmation—in some or any form.

A "psychic" says thus and so, after which one needs to look around for some kind of hard evidence that supports the real-time facts of what has been said.

As far out as the Jupiter experiment was, it was based and designed AGAINST expected feedback loops.

The feedback was in the form of the information telemetered back to Earth by the NASA vehicles flying by the planet.

As it turned out, among those taking an active interest in the possibility of interplanetary spying was a group so clandestine that it could be characterized not merely as a deepest black project, but as an entirely invisible one.

It was this group, or whatever it might be called, that I met up with in the early part of 1975.

CHAPTER 2

ENCOUNTERING THE SPOOKIEST SPOOKS

About two years after the Jupiter probe I received a telephone call during late February, 1975, from a certain highly-placed functionary in Washington, D.C.

I had met him on social occasions, and we had rather enjoyable conversations since he had a deep interest in Psi research.

I both admired and respected him. He was forthright about his unusual interests, and he dared to swim against the surface currents of that mighty river called "prevailing opinion" which could damage even very high reputations in the Washington maze.

But in his telephone call to me, my friend was somewhat less than forthright, as the following conversation drawn from memory indicates.

"A Mr. Axelrod is going to telephone you," he said. "If you can manage to do so, would you try to do whatever he asks, and ask no questions yourself."

After a pause, I asked: "Well, who is Mr. Axelrod?"

Now there was a pause at his end of the telephone. Then: "I can't tell you because I don't know myself. But it's important, VERY important, very URGENT that you agree to do what he asks.

"I can tell you nothing more, so please do NOT ask. Just do what he wants. And, whether you do or do not, we will never refer to this conversation again. I must ask you in friendship never to refer to me about this in any way."

After which, my friend expressed a quick passing interest in how I was doing, and then virtually hung up on me.

Although my contact was usually jolly, he had seemed, well, a little uptight. But otherwise, this type of thing was not entirely unusual in my new career of Psi research.

Many had approached me, some of whom asked for anonymity, some using fake names—such as police emissaries and detectives who wanted inputs regarding difficult crimes, a few scientists with research stoppages, an art director of a famous museum which had misplaced a valuable painting.

Desperate people do desperate things—such as consulting psychics—even some Presidents whose interactions with seers are documented.

In this somewhat less than open manner began a chain of mind-boggling affairs which excited me on the one hand, yet ultimately made me QUIVER as if

I suddenly found myself standing between two realities neither of which seem quite real.

As it turned out, in spite of the alleged urgency, the mysterious Mr. Axelrod did not telephone until about four weeks later. And when he did, it was about three in the morning. The call jolted me out of a sound sleep, so, of course, at first I didn't quite remember who he was.

After we got that straightened out, he asked: "Can you get to Washington by noon today? I realize this is short notice, but we would be very appreciative if you can. We will reimburse you for your time and all your expenses."

I was just about to ask why I should get to Washington by noon, when I remembered that my friend had been very insistent that I not ask questions. So, I said I would take the air-shuttle or something. "Good," Mr. Axelrod said, "but we cannot meet you at the airport. Are you familiar with the Museum of Natural History at the Smithsonian?"

I said I was. "Good," he replied. "As soon as you arrive, go there and stand near the elephant in the central rotunda. Be there at noon. You will be contacted. Just do exactly as your contact asks. My only requirement is that you tell no one where you are going. If you feel you cannot do that, please say so now and we will forget about this."

I sat in silence. "Is that OK with you?" he asked. "Yes, I suppose so." But I couldn't resist one question, which seemed a logical one. "How will I recognize who is supposed to contact me?"

"Don't worry. We know what YOU look like." And Mr. Axelrod then hung up without so much as a good-bye.

I got out of bed, made some coffee, chain-smoked some cigars, and sat contemplating the noisy darkness outside my windows (New York City is always noisy.)

I was beginning not to like this at all, and were it not for my highly-placed acquaintance in Washington, whom I respected, I am quite sure I would have decided the whole affair had suddenly become too questionable to proceed with.

The world, back in 1975, it should be remembered, was in the grips of the Cold War. My research colleagues at Stanford Research Institute and I had speculated that the Soviet KGB would naturally be interested in what we were doing. And in our more dramatic considerations of this possibility, it was even speculated that one of us might get kidnapped or worse by that infamous, but very smart organization.

Well, I decided, if I got to Washington early enough, I could once more view the magnificent collection of minerals and crystals housed in the Museum of Natural History. Doing so had turned me on for years.

So, as the sun was rising in the rather cool late winter weather, I made my way to LaGuardia Airport, and got aboard the next air-shuttle to Washington, about a fifty-minute ride.

I arrived with plenty of time to spare. In fact, the museum wasn't yet open, so I got some coffee and a roll from one of the vendors in the Mall, and smoked some more cigars.

Needless to say, even when viewing the three-foot crystals, and looking at the egg-sized precious gems, my mind was not at all on them. In fact, I was sweating most of the time. Nerves? Apprehension?

Finally, I went to the mezzanine floor which encircles the museum's great rotunda. As covertly as possible (to my way of thinking, anyway) I surveyed the floor below–in the center of which stands the famous stuffed elephant with his absolute majesty entirely visible to all who take a moment to consider it.

Assuming I was supposed to act like any other tourist, at noon I was standing in front of the giant elephant, pretending to have interest in it.

Behind me a voice spoke. "Mr. Swann?" I turned, and was immediately handed a card which read: Please do not speak or ask any questions. This is for our safety as well as yours.

If I had not been convinced before that I was getting into something suspicious, I was now certain.

For the guy who handed me the card stared at me with burning green eyes, which clearly indicated he meant business. I didn't dare speak.

He was young, and looked like he could have posed for a Marine recruitment poster—which is to say, he was masculine and military. I sensed he was serious, and that his complacency concealed an ability to kill very quietly.

But even more astonishing was the fact that there were TWO of them which as far as I could tell were twins.

Dozens of museum visitors were flowing all around us.

After reading the card, I blinked. The first guy pulled out a photograph which I could see was of me. He studiously compared the photograph face to mine.

He then took my hand as if he was shaking it, and compared the tattoo on it to another photograph—the tattoo I had gotten as a result of a rather drunken desire in 1962.

He then nodded to his duplicate, who had been watching the rotunda in a professional way, and this twin came over and repeated the sequence.

They then both initialed what seemed to be a kind of check-sheet in a small address booklet.

All this took place in a few moments, and none of the spectators passing to-and-fro around the elephant seemed to notice.

The first twin then nodded, and indicated the main door to the museum. I followed, with the other twin just behind me.

We marched directly to the curb, and got into a rather non-descript car boldly waiting in a No Standing zone.

The driver was a woman who, it seemed, deliberately never looked at me.

The car was large and blue, a little dirty on the outside, but immaculate inside. The twins sat in the back on either side of me. One of them pulled out another card: Please do not speak. You may smoke if you want. Which I gratefully did. I was wet in my armpits.

As it turned out, we were, I think, the center car between two others that stayed with us as we moved through the clogged streets.

Once we left Washington proper, the twin pulled out yet another card which read something like: Please do not take it personally, but we are required to check your person and clothing for weapons or bugs.

What could I do? They then proceeded to check everything, even unzipping my pants and peeking briefly into my shorts. After which, they both initialed the mysterious check-sheet.

I had never been treated this way before. I had never been frisked. I wanted to be outraged. However, I didn't dare move or open my mouth, except to puff on a cigar.

By this time I hardly knew where we were. We seemed to be heading in what I thought was the direction of the CIA headquarters hidden behind trees. I thought that might be our destination, but we zoomed past it, picking up speed.

Then came another card: You are being taken to a heliport for further transport. Before we reach it, we will place a hood over your head. It will be removed at your destination. If you are hungry, sandwiches are available.

At this point, I thought of doom. Yet, silly as it seemed, I WAS hungry, even if my stomach was in knots. I ate. Although my hands were now shaking a little, the twins pretended not to notice.

Well, I concluded, I'm either really being kidnapped, or whatever is about to go down IS something extraordinary.

About twenty minutes later, the first twin produced the promised hood, and I spent the next part of my voyage in stuffy darkness.

Not long after, the car ground to a halt. I was helped out, and with the two twins firmly grasping my arms was soon seated in a chopper. We took off almost before we were strapped in.

This part of the voyage seemed to last about a half hour, but I can't be sure. Shortly we bumped to a sudden landing. I was helped out, and walked what seemed a longish distance. I then heard a door wheeze closed, and we

DESCENDED. So I knew we were in an elevator.

I was now turned around in the elevator, and when it came to a halt, after what I took to be quite some distance down, a door apparently opened up and we walked straight out.

Next, I was physically turned around several times by the twins. After about ten turns, we marched along, at one point seeming to go down a ramp. Shortly I was pushed down onto a chair.

At this point a voice actually SPOKE the first words I'd heard in this whole threatening goings-on.

"I'm going to remove your hood now, Mr. Swann, and thank you for coming as well as putting up with our procedures."

I was, well, terrified by now, and don't mind admitting it.

CHAPTER 3

UNDERGROUND, SOMEWHERE

With the hood removed, eyes watering a little, I found myself in a dimly lit room. The twins were nowhere to be seen.

The VOICE said: "I am Axelrod, which is not my real name, of course, as you must have figured out."

Mr. Axelrod was a jolly-guy type, smiling, with kindly eyes, but dressed in a dark-green jumpsuit of some kind. He reminded me of a certain Captain McBee I had worked with while in Korea.

He continued: "I can answer no questions as to where you are or what we represent, but beyond that I am at your complete disposal with regard to anything that pertains to the task ahead."

Mustering what dignity I could, which really was not much, I croaked out: "Well, what task, then?"

Mr. Axelrod smiled. "First, there are some procedural matters. We will reimburse you for your expenses, and provide what we will call an honorarium. Would a thousand dollars a day be suitable? We will provide this in cash before you leave."

"A DAY!" I croaked again. "How many DAYS?"

"Well, we have heard you work best in the morning, and as it is now in the afternoon, we will begin the task tomorrow morning at any time which suits you. After that, we will wing it a little."

A thousand bucks a DAY!!! I perked up—and stopped croaking —and even tried to say something sensible. "So, if you know about the morning thing, then you must be very familiar with our procedures out at Stanford Research Institute."

"We know a great deal about you, Mr. Swann. You seem to be an exceptional man, and of course it is your psychic gifts we want to try to employ with regard to the task."

'My 'psychic gifts', as you must then know, are very undependable. I work only in experimental situations, and I hardly think anyone should risk anything really serious on them."

"We understand fully, Mr. Swann. We do not see the task as a risk, so do not feel stressed about that.

"The second preliminary. We would like to ask you never to reveal any of the details about any of this, including your presence here. If the circumstances were otherwise, we would ask you to sign a secrecy agreement. But, bluntly speaking, we exist without leaving a paper trail regarding our mission."

Mr. Axelrod paused to let that sink in, and then continued. "Yet, without such an official secrecy oath, you will not be legally bound to secrecy. What we would hope, then, is that you will agree not to reveal this sequence for at least ten years hence.

"I can assure you there are very good reasons for this, but after ten years our mission will have 'disappeared', as it were.

"If you cannot see your way clear to making and upholding this agreement, we will give you a good dinner, discuss remote viewing, and get you back to New York by late tonight."

For the record here, other groups had invited me to work on many other kinds of sensitive projects, and had even signed non-disclosure agreements. So, except for the ultra-secrecy of this one, which I thought merely overly dramatic, it was not all that unusual.

Although I was hot on the trail of $ 1000-days, I frowned at Mr. Axelrod. "I guess you knew I would accept, or I would not be here now, would I?"

"Good, very good, then. We have specific procedures here. We will work in this room, if that is suitable. There is an adjoining room with a bed, and it's comfortable. It has a TV you can watch.

"You will see only myself, and the two who brought you here. They will be your constant companions when you are not with me. One will spend the nights in this room, and the other will be stationed directly outside the door. They do not know why you are here, and they need not know.

"If you need exercise, we have a small gym. We have shorts and gear and a small pool if you want to swim. If you have any kind of special food preferences we believe we can supply them. Just ask for what you want. You smoke Tiparillo cigars. We have some for you, as well as better ones if you wish. Can you work under these circumstances?"

I hardly knew what to say by this time.

So, bravely, I ventured, "I guess that depends on the work… or the task, or whatever it is." Then: "I know I am not supposed to ask anything, but are those two guys really twins?"

Mr. Axelrod smiled again. "What do you think?"

"I think they are."

"Well, then that is resolved, isn't it? Did you enjoy the geological specimens at the museum this morning?"

I decided to ask no more questions. Presumably, I had been observed ever since I left New York. Whatever was happening must be important, since it obviously was costing someone a great amount of dollar/man-hours.

"Well, then, may I call you Ingo? And you must call me Axel. Tell me about remote viewing."

I decided to relax. "Well, as you may know, I did my first extensive clairvoyant experiments at the American Society for Psychical Research in New York with a woman named Janet Mitchell and, of course, with Dr. Karlis Osis, the director of research there.

"After a while, I got bored with trying to see targets in boxes and the next room. One day I decided to see what else I could see, and found I thought I could see people going down the street outside. "One day, I thought I saw a woman dressed in orange and green walking along the street. We rushed downstairs just in time to see orange and green disappearing around the corner.

"There was really no way I could have seen her visually, since I had been sitting in a closed room. I got to thinking. I proposed then a larger experiment.

"I would try to see things at greater distance, provided we could figure out a way to get easy feedback about what was being seen.

'We thought about this for a while, and finally decided that I could try to see the weather going on in major cities, and then call up their weather numbers to see if I was correct or not."

"How did you specify which city?" Axel asked.

'Well, we decided that Janet would compile a list of cities, and select one at random. She would then say: the city is such and so, go there, Ingo, and see what the weather is doing.

"After I had said what the weather was, Janet would pick up a telephone, call long-distance and get the current weather report.

"This didn't work too well at first, but I suggested we try a number of times. Finally, we got a number of hits in a row.

"For example, she gave me Phoenix as a target. I saw it was raining there, or at least had just rained. Sure enough, Phoenix had just had a rain storm, which was unusual because they don't often have any. Well anyway, we did this for a few days with pretty good results.

"Since these cities were remote from New York, we decided to refer to this kind of experiment as remote viewing. This started in December 1971. That's how it all got started."

Axel had his fingers pressed against his lips. He was no longer smiling, and seemed pensive. So I asked: "I gather you want me to try to remote view something?"

"Oh, absolutely, absolutely," he responded, resuming his smile. "After the American Society, then, you went to SRI and developed a coordinate-ordinate system for remote viewing?"

'Well, that came about because we wanted to try to view sites around the world. The CIA was interested, you know.

"When we tried to target the cities by their names, we realized that the name had too many clues which might aid me in identifying the target.

'We felt that skeptics and critics would point this out, making our work useless. So we felt we couldn't do that kind of experiment. After all, if you say 'New York' for example, anyone would know enough to say they see skyscrapers, and so forth.

"But one day, in 1973, I was swimming in a pool in the apartment complex where I was staying in Mountain View, which is near Palo Alto and Menlo park where SRI is located. I had been wondering how we could identify a distant target in some other fashion than by its name.

"In the water, I lay back against the edge of the pool and tried to envision something which had escaped me. I suddenly saw a map with coordinate-ordinates on it, you know this degree East and that degree North. A 'voice' of some kind said (in my mind, of course), 'try coordinates'.

"So, I got the idea that if someone gave me a set of coordinate-ordinates they might act as a focus of some kind. At first my SRI colleagues thought this was silly, but I insisted we give it a good try. At first this didn't work too well either, but after about fifty tries, it began to pay off."

"Can you explain why coordinates seem to work better than other ways of specifying a target?" Axel asked.

"No one understands this at all, and neither do I. The criticism is that coordinates are only arbitrary sets of numbers and as such bear little real meaning to the actual physicality of the site.

"But my explanation, if it is one, is that people do find their way around the world by using coordinates. And since this is so, then there is no real reason why one cannot use them to find their way in a psychic voyage. As a kind of focus, so to speak."

Mr. Axelrod grew pensive for a moment. "There would seem to be more to it than that. Surely you've thought about it?"

I hesitated. "It's a bit difficult to articulate." Axelrod brightened up. "Try me."

"Well, I have to introduce the possibility of… Well, we are educated to believe that thought takes place only inside of one's head, in the brain—that the mind is inside each person's head.

"But this runs counter to the fact that some things can be directly shared at a

group level—maybe not thought itself, but certainly emotions and sentiments, for example."

"For example?" Axelrod asked.

"Well, during the 1930s, a lot of work was done on what was called 'mob consciousness', where anger or hysteria seems to get communicated by means other than reason or logic. This was suggestive of a group-mind kind of thing—somewhat linked together by a kind of communal telepathy.

"In the middle ages there were lots of communal phenomena, or hysterias like this …"

With this, I thought I noticed some kind of change in Axelrod—a slight pink color in his face. One can tell if someone is accepting or resisting. It's a sort of well-known magnetic thing.

I went on. "If there is a group mind, there possibly could be a species-wide one—having some kind of memory… which individuals could link into…

Axelrod interrupted. "Are you speaking about some kind of Akashic record or something like that?" He now DID seem nervous.

"No, not exactly. Some kind of species memory storage—maybe at the DNA molecular level. I know this idea makes scientists throw up, but so does any aspect of Psi."

I paused to see if this passed inspection by Mr. Axelrod. He was very quiet and so I couldn't tell. But finally he said "Continue."

"There has been a lot of interest as to why the coordinate thing should work. I've discussed it with Dr. Jacques Vallee, the famous Ufologist, along the lines of information theory.

"Certain theories regarding information hold that it exists everywhere as sort of a cosmic thing. And if one had an 'address' for it, one could link into it, like a computer that can find information if there is a correct address for it."

"Are you suggesting," Axelrod asked, "that the mind is a computer that can link into…"

"Well, something like that, but not at the intellectual level. There actually must be lots of mind layers that function differently."

"But why should coordinates function …?" Axelrod mused, almost to himself.

"Well, in a cosmic sense, if one has a round ball or a planet, and if one wants to divide it up, one will assign what amount to longitudes and latitudes. These will divide the ball into segments. If Intelligence exists as a universal, then this would be the best universal way to divide up a planet so as to know where one is on it."

"This is a matter of triangulation. Is this not how illegal radios are found—by sending out two or three cars with antennae that can get a triangulated fix. I saw

this in a World War II movie…"

"Universal'?" Axelrod asked. Now a "hot" magnetic thing seemed to come out of him. "Why did you use that word?"

Well, why NOT I thought. "Well, the best evidence we have for telepathy, for example, is that it seems to be universal to our species. People experience it regardless of their different cultures, their different backgrounds. If we assume that Intelligence can be universal, we also have to assume that Intelligence also has to have sensing factors that also are universal."

Having said my piece, I awaited Axelrod's comment. He just sat looking at me in an odd kind of way. Suddenly I got the idea: Aha, he has some coordinates in the Soviet Union he wants me to look at. After all, everyone else had them.

However, Axel now resumed his smile. "But you went to the planet Jupiter. Did you use coordinates to do so?"

"Well, yes and no. The Jupiter thing came about as a sort of a lark. Again, as at the American Society for Psychical Research in New York, at SRI I got bored with the hundreds and hundreds of experiments.

"NASA was sending the Pioneer fly-by past Jupiter, and I thought it would break the monotony of our SRI work by trying to get to Jupiter ahead of the fly-by. It was a good experimental idea, for we could register my impressions of the planet, circulate them to interested people, and do it in advance of the data the fly-by would send back.

"This data would act as feedback to see if we nailed down any unsuspected facts about Jupiter. It was just a further test of remote-viewing capabilities.

"As kind of coordinates, we found out where Jupiter was in relation to which part of the Zodiac, where Earth was in respect to the Sun. These three factors—the placements of Earth, Sun and Jupiter, acted as a kind of triangulation as to where Jupiter was."

"Yes, I see," Axel grinned. "You did pretty good."

I decided to take an initiative. "Axel, I don't like to do tasks unless there is a good chance of obtaining feedback, and you represent one of those times I have been dragged into a situation where obviously I am not going to get any… am I?"

"Well, that poses a bit of a problem considering our situation here. But surprisingly some feedback will become available in other ways. I'll send it to you, in an unmarked envelope."

"Well, what then is your task?" I asked.

After a long moment, Axel asked: "Ingo, what do you know about the Moon?"

The MOON! He wants me to go to the Moon. "Well, I know it is there, that it's a dead satellite, it has craters and mountains, if that is what you mean."

"Have you studied the Moon, or gone psychically to it?"

"No. We never tried the Moon, because too much is known about it. It would not constitute a good experiment because of that. People would think I had learned about the Moon, or looked at it through telescopes or something."

"What about the reverse side of the Moon. That side is always turned away from Earth. No one could accuse you of being able visually to see that."

"But, still, the NASA's Moon missions have encircled it, and there are lots of photos and stuff."

Axel laughed. 'Well, we want you to go to the Moon for us, and describe what you see. I have some Moon coordinates prepared, about ten altogether. Is that too many?"

"Well, no, depending on stress factors. But I don't like to do too many at once, because I fear I will begin to superimpose my impressions."

"Well, we may not have to do all of them," Axel said cryptically. "Do you know who George Leonard is, or ever heard of him?"

"No."

"You're quite sure?"

"Well, I've met hundreds of people by now, but I don't recall any George Leonard. There's a Leonard at SRI, but I can't remember names very well, anyway. Faces I remember better."

Axel immediately fumbled in a folder, pulling out five photographs. "Are any of these familiar?"

"Well, one is Dr. Karlis Osis, and this other one works out at SRI, but I don't know his name. I've never seen the other three, one of whom I suppose is your Mr. Leonard."

"Well, good, then. We seem to be in good shape. Now, how about a work-out in the gym, and then I'll join you for dinner. We can start early tomorrow morning."

So, the initial interview was over. I am not an exercise buff, but I wanted to go to the gym hoping to see more people and more of this astonishing underground facility.

I was to be disappointed.

The twins accompanied me along empty corridors to the locker room, and themselves got geared for exercise. Built like brick shit-houses they were, and took turns doing hundreds of rapid push-ups, making me feel undeveloped, as I was, when it comes to physical strength and stamina.

But they SPOKE every now and then—"Mr. Swann, that weight might be too heavy for you."

NOW I could distinguish a DIFFERENCE between them. One had a Southern

drawl, while the other had what I thought was Australian one, of all things.

This set me wondering.

Why, for example, if all this was ultra-secretive, had I been met by two men who were so obviously twins, and extraordinarily handsome. Surely this would have attracted attention in the museum's rotunda. But then I remembered it had not. And then I remembered, too, that most people notice very little to begin with.

Gradually, I began to realize that the two actually did not look alike; they only SEEMED to in some inexplicable way.

Suddenly I could see great differences between them. Their physiques were almost identical, but I eventually noticed that one was slightly smaller.

One, the Australian, was older. Their square jaws and green eyes were alike, but the noses were different, and one had narrower lips. Their hair was identically close-shaven in the well-known military style, but now I felt they were different.

So, they were not twins, after all. Nor even brothers, doubtlessly. But what was it about them made them so alike, as if to be mistaken for twins?

Their energies! Something about their energies.

One of the basic characteristics of good psychics is their fascination of observing everything they can, and in detail. Powers of observing seem to act as a launch pad for higher forms of perception. I'd had this fascination from childhood.

As I watched them more carefully, I slowly became conscious that they MOVED almost as if in unison. If one lifted a hand, so did the other.

They moved almost as if of one mind, so to speak. Yes, that was it. They were enough alike so as to be mistaken for mirror images of each other—until they spoke, that is.

The word "entrainment" came to mind, a word used to describe people who have been subjected to some mind-managing so that they begin to think, act, and even, I guess, look alike.

I began to get the fanciful idea the twins were cyborgs or androids of some kind, but then-decided my imagination had taken over.

Needless to say, I never found out what the twins were or why they were so un-twin-like, yet so alike.

The twins and I swam a few laps in the small pool in the underground installation, they swimming most of the time underwater.

Coming back from the pool, I found the jolly Mr. Axelrod standing near a small table loaded with food. We ate a great steak dinner with all the trimmings–except that I couldn't drink the obviously good wine because I was going to

"work" in the morning.

We had a somewhat cheery conversation while eating.

Among other topics brought up by Axelrod, he wanted to know more about what I knew about telepathy.

We chatted this up. I thought this was merely innocent conversation.

CHAPTER 4

PSYCHIC TOUCHDOWN ON THE MOON

I had spent a nervous night. First of all, the bed was kind of hard, and there was no sound in the room. So I listened to my heart pumping in the dark silence.

I felt a little claustrophobic which reminded me of how had I had responded inside the Great Pyramid in Egypt when I had visited it in 1973.

I sifted through possibilities—wondering if all of this could possibly be a deeply covert KGB thing. Axelrod LOOKED and ACTED American enough. But the twins?

Openly confessed, my attention was on the $1000-day thing. By 1975, I had been in Psi research for about five years.

When it was arranged for me to take part in those ear-her experiments, the first order of business in the minds of the researchers was to figure out how to pay me the least possible, and preferably to pay me nothing.

The $1000-day was a real, and much needed windfall for me. So I worried about the many ways it could get messed up.

Failing to provide good Psi data was one way. But, as I had found, if one talks about things people don't understand, then they lose interest. Another way was NOT to provide what the client wanted.

I had no idea what Axelrod wanted. Maybe they, whomever THEY were, were looking for good places to build Moonbases. Maybe THEY had lost a secret spacecraft or something along those lines.

But there I was, nervous or not, deep underground somewhere, twisting on a hard bed. Well, I'd remote view the Moon and get it over with. I didn't expect to see much on the Moondead satellite, airless, dust, craters, *etc*.

Anyhow, the mystery WAS a bit much if one took time to think about it. Being dragged around in hoods! Really! I determined never to get caught up in such an affair again.

We started our work early the next morning—which I immediately dubbed "Moon Probe."

As we had done in the Jupiter project, I asked Axel to find out where the Moon was in its monthly cycle—which is to say, its present relationship to the Earth and the Sun.

"The Moon is full," he began, "opposite the Sun, and the Moon is just setting

in the West. Will that do?"

"I hope so," I replied. "Earth is between the Sun and Moon, then, and what I have to try to do is head directly away from the Sun, hoping for a psychic touchdown (I smiled in saying this) on the Moon surface."

"Ok, do your thing, then," Axel smiled. He pushed the 'record' button on his tape recorder.

Earlier that morning, we had discussed the experiment's protocol, the way the session was to be conducted.

Except for voicing the lunar coordinates when I asked for them, Axel was to make no verbal inputs.

I talk out loud when "doing my thing," asking MYSELF a series of questions. But these are questions to aid my intellect in trying to understand what I am experiencing. These are not questions others need to respond to while I am "at work." I DO NOT like to close my eyes when I am doing my "thing".

I settled back and tried to get a sense of Earth being between the Sun and Moon—and slowly began to have images of rising upwards from Earth until I could see its curvature.

As I had already learned from our efforts to get psychically to Jupiter, the Sun looks much smaller to my psychic senses than it does when we eye-ball it on Earth. Seen psychically, and if seeming smaller, at least three "envelopes" of some kind are clearly visible around the solar star.

In any event, I tried psychically to head away from the Sun, toward the Moon. This now looked LARGER than it does when eye-balling it.

I had no problem getting there. Slowly at first, it grew larger and larger and then swiftly filled my psychic vision completely—a whitish thing, with grays, darks and, surprisingly, a lot of yellows in it. Suddenly I was kind of sucked into-toward it faster, as if in a gravity free-fall. Next, I had the sensation of "being" next to some pumice-like rocks.

"OK," I whispered to Axel, "I can see these rocks, and some dust, so I guess I must be here. Give me your first Moon coordinate preceding it with the word Moon."

I wrote down "Moon" and the coordinate-ordinate and nothing happened. I was still where I had touched down.

"Give it again, more slowly," I asked. He did so, and I experienced a blurred kind of vision, a sense of zooming across a plain, some mountains—and then into darkness which surprised me.

"Its dark here," I said. "Why is that? A rhetorical question, Axel. Please do not speak an answer." Darkness! Then, slowly, as if adjusting to a kind of nightvision, I could begin to perceive formations. And I realized what had

happened.

"This coordinate," I asked, "is it on the dark side of the Moon? Yes, it must be."

I began trying to make sense of the impressions I was acquiring. "Well, I seem to be near a cliff of some kind. It goes upward quite high, made of some kind of dark rock. There is whitish sand, a fluffy kind of sand. Away from the cliff formation there is a broad expanse of some kind. There are some patterns in the sand, or whatever it is—not quite like sand."

What do the patterns look like," Axel interjected. He was not supposed to intrude with questions. But he had, so I went with it.

"Well (I now closed my eyes), sort of like little tufts or dunes, as if the wind had made a kind of pattern."

After a moment of considering these little dunes: "But there is not supposed to be any wind on the Moon, is there? No atmosphere?… Yet, I can sense something like atmosphere.. I'm getting a little confused. Let's take a break."

Was I mistaken? Axelrod seemed to be looking at me in a rather strange way —as if swallowing a desire to speak.

'Well," I went on, "what they actually look like are like rows of largish tractor tread marks. But I don't understand how this could be, so they must be something I don't understand. They are just marks of some kind. Strange, though."

I was silent for a moment. "Axel, do you want—well, am I supposed to try to see metals or something here, or what? I'm just near this cliff here—it has a kind of shiny quality to it, something like obsidian…"

Axel answered: "No, we can go on to the next coordinate-ordinate now."

"Give me a moment," I asked, "then on my signal lay it on me."

I wrote down the next coordinate-ordinate. The cliff vision faded, and in a few moments I was clearly at another place, which I could hardly believe was on the Moon. "I'm sorry, Axel, I seem to have gotten back to Earth here…"

'Why do you think that?" he asked.

"Well, there are… some…". I stopped. I looked at Axel. "Maybe we better take a break, a little coffee, and then we can try again."

"OK, but what did you see?"

"I have no idea. But whatever it was it couldn't be on the Moon." (I had visions of $1000-days coming to an abrupt end.)

So we had coffee and chatted up this and that. Axel, for the first time, seemed somewhat nervous.

In about fifteen minutes we got back to it. I went through the same process of going away from the Sun until I was at the Moon. "OK, give me that coordinate-

ordinate again."

He did. I wrote it slowly down, making sure I made no error in doing so. I became aware of a greenish haze, which is what I had seen before. This time I decided to go for it, for better or worse.

"Well, I am in a place which is sort of down, like in a crater I suppose. There is this strange green haze, like a light of some kind. Beyond that, all around is dark though. I am wondering where the light is coming from …". I jolted to a stop again.

After a moment, Axel prodded. "Yes, what else?"

"Well, you won't like this, I guess. I see, or at least think I see, well … some actual lights. They are giving off a green light … I see two rows of them, … yes, sort of like lights at football arenas, high up, banks of them.

"Up on towers of some kind…". I gave up here. "Well, Axel, I can't be on the Moon. I guess I have to apologize, I seem to be getting somewhere here on Earth."

Axel stared at me for a moment. He was NOT smiling or looking sympathetic or tolerant. I thought it was all over with. "You're sure you see lights, actual lights?" he finally asked.

"Well, I see lights! But how can they be on the Moon?"

Axel had a pencil in his hands, which he was twirling around and around. His not-smile developed into a frown. "Shit," he finally uttered, and broke the pencil in half. I was quite surprised and fully expected him to stand up and leave the room in dismay at my remote-viewing flub. But he did not.

"Lights, huh? You are sure you saw lights?"

"Well, yes. But not on the Moon, surely. How could they be on the Moon?"

Axel stared at me, saying nothing.

I can be quite dense, I suppose, but something started twanging around in the denseness.

I blinked at Axel. "You mean…," I began, somewhat uncertain as to what to say. I realized I had to select my words carefully. "Am I to think these lights are actually on the Moon?"

There was no answer forthcoming from Axel. I pressed onward. "Have the Russians built a Moonbase or something? Is that what I am supposed to be remote-viewing?" Again, no answer.

We sat and stared at each other for a longish period, he not willing to commit. After a moment of this confrontation, I decided to reassume the initiative. "Maybe you should give me that coordinate-ordinate again."

Once back in the glow of the greenish lights, I now seemed to have the courage to begin really looking. "Well, the light seems diffused somehow, as if

there is a lot of fog—no, it's dust—dust! Floating in the air."

I paused, then continued: "Yet there is no air on the Moon, is there? There is noise of some kind, like a thumping. I can see one of the light towers better now. Hey, it seems built of some very narrow struts of some kind, thin like pencils. Like some sort of pre-fab stuff right out of Buckminster Fuller's stuff."

"How high are the light towers?" Axel interrupted.

"Well, high enough. I have to find something against which to compare them. Let's see … hey, there are some of those tractor-tread marks everywhere. If I guess these are about a foot wide, well, then, let's see, if I compute as correctly as I can, well…". I paused, looking at Axel.

He was not smiling. "Yes?" he arched his eyebrows.

"Well, tall... -about or let's say over a hundred feet. But?"

"But' what," Axel asked, leaning forward.

I swallowed hard, and almost chickened out at this point. "Well, I think I got a glimpse of the crater's edge. On it I think I saw a very large tower, very high that is."

"Yes?"

"Yes! *Big*, really big."

"How big?"

I swallowed again. "Well, if I compare it to something I am familiar with in New York, about as high as the Secretariat building at the United Nations—which has thirty-nine floors in it."

Axel narrowed his lips. "You can see that, then?"

But this, as I took it, was a question Axel was asking himself more than me.

Again the silence. I decided to again assume whatever initiative I could.

"Am I, then, to assume this stuff really IS on the Moon? If so, this is more than a Moon base, isn't it, Axel?"

Again no answer. So I continued: "But this stuff is big. Does NASA or the Soviet space program have the capabilities of getting such large stuff onto the Moon? I thought everyone was having trouble just getting a couple of guys and a dog into orbit. I thought the only thing we got on the Moon was a flag planted in some crater somewhere."

As I talked myself through all this a certain glimmer began to dawn in the recesses of my mental darkness. I suddenly stopped speaking.

I stared incredulously at Axel. "You mean—am I to assume this stuff is—not OURS! Not made on Earth?"

Axel raised his eyebrows, trying to grin. "Quite a surprise, isn't it," he said. I had a sense he was trying NOT to be emotional.

Surprise? To say the least! I was completely dumbfounded to the degree that I

had begun taking very short breaths, getting dizzy thereby. "I take it you would like a break before we continue," Axel ventured.

What I really needed was a recovery couch. In fact, I still get breathless even as I write these very words now.

It's one thing to read about UFOs and stuff in the papers or in books. It is another to hear rumors about the military or government having an interest in such matters, rumors which say they have captured aliens and downed alien space craft.

But it's quite another matter to find oneself in a situation which obviously confirms EVERYTHING. Not principally because I suddenly knew the rumors were true. But because I found myself in a situation in which I, in my psychic processes, had seen the evidence for myself.

"Good heavens!" I breathed.

My brains began racing, putting things together. Axel, though, and the twins, and the elaborate secrecy of this whole "mission," was the best evidence.

I was now completely certain that I was physically present in some kind of ultra-ultra-ultra-secret place, and that the mission of this place was to sort out extraterrestrial matters.

I knew that NASA must have photographic evidence of activities on the Moon which already confirmed the presence of extraterrestrial activity there.

What I did not understand though, and I realized this only with my third cup of coffee and my tenth cigar, was why this ultra-secret project needed my services.

So, I looked at Axel, and this time I was not smiling either. "Why the hell have you dragged me into this, Axel? If you possess enough to cause what I take is your mission to come into existence, surely you don't need my inputs here?"

"Well, Ingo, no—and yes."

"I'm confused," I said, rather sternly. "Please explain."

"I can't. Well, at least I cannot give you information. It was felt that doing so would jeopardize not only us, but our mission. You seem bright enough, though."

"Thanks heaps, Axel. Well, this bit of security almost blew it for you. Had I not learned some time ago to accept and describe what I was seeing psychically, accept it BEFORE prejudging it, I would have not dared to say I saw lights on the Moon. I would have edited that out, fearing others might see me as loony. God damn it! ETs on the Moon, no less!"

"Well," Axelrod began, "if I had told you in advance, would you have thought I was loony?" Axel asked.

He had a point.

AND ALL OF THIS WAS REAL! I closed my eyes as waves of goosebumps cascaded through my body. I couldn't control them, so I broke into tears.

"Shall I leave you to recover?" Axel asked.

"If I can be by myself yes, but if one of those goddamned muscle men twins has to stand and watch me blubber, don't you dare. No way do I want THEM to see me in this condition."

"They would understand perfectly. We all have experienced a considerable amount of emotional surprise."

"I can't believe that either of those twins would ever think about crying…". But suddenly, through my emotions I started laughing, almost uncontrollably. "This is SERIOUS, isn't it?" I finally managed to blurt out. But my thoughts were going a mile a minute.

The bottom line: We are not alone—and some ultra-secret, presumably a governmental agency, goddamned well knew it! My glee changed swiftly into anger. Shit! Shit-shit-shit!

"Well," I snarled, "whoever is in charge of these matters hasn't managed them very well as far as us ordinary public types are concerned."

"I'll concede that, Ingo," Axel said. "Frankly, no one has known what to do, and many mistakes have been made."

"Yes, and all in the name of what—privileged information in favor of the few, of the military, of scientists, or what?"

"Sometimes. But the problems are more than you can imagine."

"Don't give me that, Axel. Here you drag me into a very scary situation, ask me to utilize my thing in a very strange way, and ask me to see FOR YOU something I cannot imagine?

"Get outahere? I don't buy it. I don't like this, I don't like it at all."

Axel and I sat staring at each other. Neither of us was smiling. "Do you want to leave, then?" he finally asked. "We will do whatever you want."

Of course I did NOT want to LEAVE! I wanted to understand. "Why do you need my services, Axel? Just answer that one question.

"If that stuff is on the Moon, why don't you just send along another Moon mission to have a good look-see…"

But the awful truth dawned in a burst of light.

I looked at him. "Unless they… I can't believe this. unless they somehow have told you to stay away, and somehow shown you they mean it!"

This time Axel was neither smiling nor not smiling. I got out of my chair and started pacing the length of the table.

I started laughing. "Goddamn it! They've somehow got you by the balls, haven't they. That's why you are resorting to psychic perceptions! Ja-eesus

Kahariiiist!? They are NOT friendly, are they? ARE THEY, Axel!"

Axel kept his cool. "There are two major reasons why I've asked you to help. You are approximately correct about the first one, but not completely so. The second reason is more simple.

"Your information might provide a kind of check point in what you surely now realize must be a mess of interpretations of the photographic and other evidence.

"It was my idea to find a psychic who did not know anything about the Moon, and see what might be seen there. Sort of an independent source of information, which would lean our interpretations one way or another."

"Have you used other psychics, then?" I demanded, very intent on getting an answer.

"Please don't require me to say yes or no."

I felt my patience thinning out. "Why not?"

"There are several reasons, but mainly there is a confidence factor involved."

"Confidence about what, about the abilities of other psychics?"

"Yes, that is one of them."

I sat back in my chair, and trying to keep my hands from shaking too obviously, lit another cigar. My brain was whirling.

"So," I began, "the only major way now to spy on those guys is to resort to psychic abilities, which the mainstream of our great nation makes a special effort to discredit. What a gas! What a complete gas!"

I started giggling. "Well, speaking of who's got who by the balls, I've suddenly got you by yours haven't I?"

Axel sighed. "Well, they said you were quick on the uptake, and stubborn, and could throw tantrums. I see they were right."

"They', who is 'they'?" I asked, but I couldn't stop giggling.

Before he could answer, which he obviously didn't want to anyway, I had another brainstorm coming on.

"I suppose, then, the Soviets are having the same problem. Don't tell me THE SOVIETS have resorted to THEIR psychics!!!?"

Axel had resumed his stoic smiling-not-smiling face. I jumped out of my chair again. "Got you again, haven't I?" I almost shouted. "You KNOW the Russians are using psychics, and you are afraid they will get psychic Moon-information before we do! I'll be fucked!"

At this point, and since I now felt I had a grip on everything, I suddenly felt energetically depleted. "I want to take a twenty-minute nap," I stated, and headed for the bedroom. "After that and some food, we can get back to work."

I don't remember even getting onto the bed, but I suppose I did, and afterward

learned I had slept six hours.

CHAPTER 5

HUMANOIDS ON THE MOON

Back at work, Axel gave me Moon coordinates, each set representing specific locations on the Moon's surface.

At some of the locations there seemed to be nothing to see except Moonscapes.

But at others locations? —well, there were confusions, and I perceived a lot that I could not understand at all. I made a lot of sketches, identifying them as this or that, or looking like something else. Without comments, Axelrod quickly took possession of each sketch, and I was never to see them again.

I found towers, machinery, lights of different colors, strange-looking "buildings."

I found bridges whose function I couldn't figure out. One of them just arched out—and never landed anywhere. There were a lot of domes of various sizes, round things, things like small saucers with windows. These were stored next to crater sides, sometimes in caves, sometimes in what looked like airfield hangars.

I had problems estimating sizes. But some of the "things" were very large.

I found long tube-like things, machinery-tractor-like things going up and down hills, straight roads extending some miles, obelisks which had no apparent function.

There were large platforms on domes, large cross-like structures.

Holes being dug into crater walls and floors obviously having to do with some kind of mining or earth-moving operations.

There were "nets" over craters, "houses" in which someone obviously lived, except that I couldn't see who—save in one case.

In THAT case, I saw some kind of people busy at work on something I could not figure out. The place was dark. The "air" was filled with a fine dust, and there was some kind of illumination—like a dark lime-green fog or mist.

The thing about them was that they either were human or looked exactly like us—but they were all males, as I could well see since they were all butt-ass naked. I had absolutely no idea why. They seemed to be digging into a hillside or a cliff.

As I described, "They must have some way of creating a good environment, warm and with air in it. But why would they be going around naked?" No

answer was forthcoming to this self-question.

But being there in my psychic state, as I felt I was, some of those guys started talking excitedly and gesticulating. Two of them pointed in my "direction."

Immediately I felt like "running away" and hiding, which I guess I, psychically, did, since I "lost" sight of this particular imaging.

"I think they have spotted me, Axel. They were pointing at me I think. How could they do that… unless… they have some kind of high psychic perceptions, too?"

Axel said, in a calm, low voice, so low I hardly heard it at first. "Please quickly come away from that place."

My eyes were wide as understanding drained in. "You already know they are psychic, don't you?" Axel raised his eyebrows and gave a deep sigh.

And, at that point, he abruptly closed his folders. "I think we had better end our work here."

I was quite surprised. But I had not fallen off the psychic truck just yesterday. "You think, you already KNOW, that they have some kind of, uh, telepathy–that they can trace where this psychic probe is coming from? Is that it?"

Axel had started smiling again, but obviously was not going to respond. "Come on, Axel, loosen up a little."

But I was not to be deterred. "Would they kill an Earth-psychic if they felt he or she was good enough to spy on them?"

"There is no conclusive evidence to suggest that," Axel responded.

I gritted my teeth. "No 'conclusive' evidence! What the hell does THAT mean?" My voice had climbed several octaves.

"It's very difficult for us to assess any of this," Axelrod began. "We don't know, but that they do have things and capabilities we here are trying to understand is very apparent. Whether they spotted you or not will be unclear, but we have to put no prejudgments on what guides our mission.

"At any rate, we don't want to put you to any more risk. Let's eat some dinner, and then get you back to New York.

"I'm afraid we have to repeat the process used to get you out of here. I hope you don't mind. We are very grateful."

"RISK!!! What do you mean by RISK?"

I could see that Axelrod was prepared to be noncommittal. So I took the initiative. "If it's telepathy, then it's a different kind, at least from how it is understood here on Earth. It's NOT just telepathy, either."

THIS got his attention. He looked at me in surprise. "What do you mean?"

At this, I FINALLY comprehended that his earlier interest in telepathy had not been just innocent chit-chat.

"Well, I don't know exactly. It's more than just mind-to-mind. It's like, well…". I was grasping for words. "Well, when they 'saw' me, they couldn't really see me, could they? What, then were they seeing? I'm asking myself this, Axel?"

"Yes, go on," he said.

"Well, it's more like they were … FEELING rather than seeing or picking up on mind vibes. It's more like it was, yes, sort of a dimensional thing—rather, sort of like a ripple in some kind of crossdimensionality. Yes! That's it! They FELT something. Not particularly ME. But SOMETHING."

I paused: "And! THEY knew what the ripple meant. Like a sort of penetration of where they were." I paused, then said in a self-introspecting way: "WOW!"

Axelrod sat quietly, as was his way, looking at me. Then: "Why did you say WOW?"

"Ah! Well, if I can articulate it… it was like there is a sort of… crossdimensional… Well, if you can imagine that you feel a presence but can't see it, it was something like that.

"Only those guys… they were going to hone in on it, at least that's the best way to describe it."

Axelrod was silent for a moment. "So, you are referring to telepathy plus something else?

"No, not exactly. Perhaps SOMETHING ELSE plus telepathy. It's the other way around. After all, the basis for telepathy has to come from something—rather, because of something."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, nothing happens all by itself. There are always processes involved. This is to say, things happen by way of something. Nothing comes out of thin air. It's hard to articulate in simple three-dimensional terms. Mind-to-mind is a three-dimensional construct. But what if…"

Axelrod interrupted. "Why would mind-to-mind be a three dimensional…

"Well, one mind existing as a three-dimensional thing communicating with another which is also a three-dimensional thing, and the communicating across the distance … is not the distance involved conceived of in three-dimensional terms?

"The PHYSICAL universe is three-dimensional–not the mental universe. Here is one of the big flaws in all theories about Psi. Everyone thinks of Psi ONLY in three-dimensional terms." I ran out of words at this point.

Axelrod was looking at me with his calm, unblinking eyes. But he was lightly drumming his fingers on the table. I knew I had hit something of concern. And his next comment proved it.

"Could you write down your ideas along these lines?" I could. I did. I remember producing fifteen hand-written pages.

After this somewhat inscrutable advisory, there came a handshake, the hood, a chopper ride, and by the twins and the same car I was delivered back to the center of Washington and let off at the train station at my request. The twins said no more than they had to. I found myself wondering if they actually came from the Moon.

I spent the next few months wondering if the ETs were going to find me and zap my brains out of existence.

When I left Mr. Axelrod's carefully hidden establishment, he reminded me of my pledged ten years of confidentiality.

"Not to worry, Axel," I replied. "I have no intention of demolishing my official research work by introducing something so far out as claiming I have seen extraterrestrials working away on the Moon. No one would believe me anyway."

I have abided by that promise, well past the ten-year mark. The reasons I have now decided to write about all this will become clear in later chapters.

As I departed, Mr. Axelrod asked that if he again had need of me, would I be interested. "Probably," I responded, for how could I not be—Jesus Christ, ETs on the Moon and some official investigative agency? Who could resist!

"Good," he replied. "But my name Axelrod is now retired when you leave here, and will not be used again. We will be in touch with you in some other fashion, which I will make sure you recognize.

"If anyone ever asks you about 'Mr. Axelrod' or about this place, or asks if you know anything about it, such inquiries will not be coming from us. Please act accordingly, for our sakes and your own."

God! Scary, huh? What had I gotten into? But his advice came in handy when, about three years later, my telephone rang.

It was a Mr. Dillins or Dallons (I didn't quite get which) who said he was an investigative reporter digging into government cover-ups of the UFO situation.

I said I didn't know anything about that—other than what I read in various books and articles. He brushed aside my evasion, and asked if I knew Mr. Axelrod.

"Who?" I asked in return.

"You know," the investigative reporter said, "Mr. Axelrod."

"Never heard of him," I replied.

There was a silence at the other end of the telephone, and then the caller clicked off without so much as a thank you or good-bye—leaving me with shaking hands and much in memory of Axel's forewarning. You want a basis for

paranoiac tensions?

After leaving Mr. Axelrod, and back in New York, I decided I was pretty much of a wreck. I slept for about two days, dumbly watching the boob-tube between naps and such. I ate a lot.

Then, when I began to get IT and all ITS implications back together, I decided to make some sketches of what I remember drawing for Axel.

I couldn't remember any of the coordinates-ordinate numbers, and the names of the plains and craters on the Moon were never used when we were doing the remote viewings.

So I don't know where these intelligence-made structures and such were actually located on the Moon. But I could hardly forget what I had seen.

I made several larger drawings, and then decided to fit them onto two pages—which I then placed in my bank's safe box, since I had visions of my home and studio covertly being gone through without my knowledge.

Paranoia rode high with me for quite some time. But I suppose my safe box was just as accessible to the covert powers that be. There were two pages of the sketches, and which will be presented ahead.

CHAPTER 6

FEEDBACK (OF SORTS)

Considering the rather dramatic aspects of the Axelrod affair, it might at first seem unlikely that I could forget about it.

But except for meeting the contacts in front of a stuffed elephant and having a hood placed over my head, the Axelrod affair wasn't all that different from many other official and unofficial experiments I got involved with.

Many of those experiments had equally dramatic elements. Most were done in careful secrecy, and my weekly schedule along these lines was jammed with this kind of activity.

One might wonder how it is possible to forget about humanoids and structures on the Moon.

Well, for one thing, there was a 50-50 chance they were there or not there. Further, as with all Psi experiments, there was a 100 per cent chance I had been viewing my imagination and fantasies.

As I took it, there was to be no feedback to help resolve the imagination issue one way or another. Since people tend to operate based on feedback, they tend to forget about stuff that never achieves the feedback.

Then there are two additional, but extremely subtle phenomena that appear to be involved. They can begin to take on meaning only if they are identified and opened up for inspection.

The first phenomenon has to do with the fact that most people forget (and avoid) whatever does not fit within consensus realities.

The second phenomenon has to do with the fact that most humans forget about the Moon altogether. It is THERE, of course. But beyond that, interest in it is exceedingly minimal.

It is somewhat difficult to articulate this. One way of beginning to do so is to point up that people are very much interested in Mars, for example, or in the possible existence of Intelligent Beings somewhere in the VERY far distant reaches of space.

But with the Moon, it's almost as if Earthside human consciousness of the satellite is somehow rigged so as (1) to avoid thinking too much about it; and (2) to disregard any unusual lunar phenomena. I'll try better to articulate these two factors ahead.

As it was back in 1975 and 1976, if not actually forgotten, my memory of the Axelrod affair had receded into some deeper subliminal areas of memory storage. And if I thought about the affair at all, it was only to note that it had happened, that it was over and done with, and that I didn't dare to talk about it for reasons so numerous that it was the better part of valor to forget them, too.

However, whoever or whatever is behind the scenes dealing out the cards of circumstances was not finished with the Axelrod affair.

For at some point in 1976 (during the summer, I think), what might be called the second chapter of the Axelrod affair opened up.

For I received in the mail, a plain envelope which did not bear a return address or even a postmark, although it did have stamps.

The envelope contained a book and nothing more.

It was entitled *Somebody Else Is on the Moon.* The author's name was George Leonard. I spent the next few hours reading it, and then re-read it two more times.

Apparently, at the time of my ultra-secret visit, Mr. Axelrod had already known that this book was coming out, and of course he had been interested in whether I knew the author or not.

Leonard apparently had obtained NASA photographs of the Moon, which after all are in the public domain because most of NASA's work is funded by our tax-paying money.

"What NASA knows," the frontispiece of the book began, "but won't divulge! With careful logic and reason, George Leonard has studied all the data (including official NASA photographs and the astronaut's Apollo tapes) to prove his theory of a highly advanced underground civilization that is working the surface of the Moon—mining, manufacturing, communicating, and building!"

Leonard's book was filled with verifiable data, official photos, and sketches of structures etc., he created from the photos.

Well, I can tell you I ran to my own drawings and spent a week comparing and re-comparing them to the sketches and photos George Leonard had provided in his own book. Many of Leonard's sketches resembled some of mine.

Yes indeed, the mysterious Mr. Axelrod had provided me feedback as promised, for there could be no doubt that it was his jolly self that sent Leonard's book to me.

But could Leonard's book be considered adequate feedback?

Well, if not completely, at least somewhat.

For example, ARE there structures on the Moon?

As Leonard pointed up, one of the most remarkable photos, taken by the astronauts of Apollo 12 on their flights around the Moon, portrays what is

referred to as Super Rig 1971 (NASA photo 71-H-781) and which is very similar to another photo of a similar Super Rig (NASA photo 66-H-1293) taken five years earlier.

The astronauts of Apollo 14 (1971) obviously were EXPECTING to see this Rig or one like it. When it apparently came into view, they referred to it as "Annabel"—which was "just like the one we saw yesterday. She's sitting right on the ledge, and must be over a mile high. Did you see THAT! The light flares coming from the dark part of the crater, just below Annabel. Oh, cameras, don't fail us now!" (This conversation is paraphrased from that given on page 54 of Leonard's book).

Indeed, there seem to be a number of "towers" on the Moon, and an equal amount of confusion about them. As I discovered (when I later began my Moon research in earnest), during the early 1960s NASA sent Orbiters to the Moon in preparation for the manned Apollo missions.

A released NASA photo numbered Lunar Orbiter III-84M quite clearly shows two structures rising up in the Sinus Medii region.

The first of these became referred to as "The Shard." This structure towers up from the Moon's surface for about a mile and a half.

Near The Shard is another structure referred to as "The Tower." This has been photographed four times from two different altitudes. It rises up about five miles and is capped with what appears to be cubes joined together to form a very large mushroom-like crown having an estimated width of over a mile.

Several independent geologists who have examined the photos indicate that no known natural process can explain the two structures, which is something of an understatement.

Please note that copies of the photos referred to above can still be obtained from NASA supplier. But I've been told that evidence of the towers has by now been airbrushed out.

After studying Leonard's book, during the next two weeks I wasn't certain whether to sleep or stay awake, and all my bio and mental cycles found themselves quite interrupted.

I fully expected that Leonard's book would shake the nerves of all us Earthlings.

But, most people I ranted to just smiled and said that Leonard's opinions must be just that, and that "there must be some other and more logical explanation."

Even some UFO people I knew were hardly interested, a factor which I found (then and now) quite confusing and mysterious.

As it turned out, it seemed that most people simply couldn't handle the implications of Leonard's book. Today when I mention it to people, well, they

blink, have never heard of it and a sort of film appears on their eyeballs. That they don't WANT to hear of it is more likely the case.

Well, I was interested by the implications. For if there are extraterrestrials on the Moon, surely getting themselves to Earth should not be much of a problem for them.

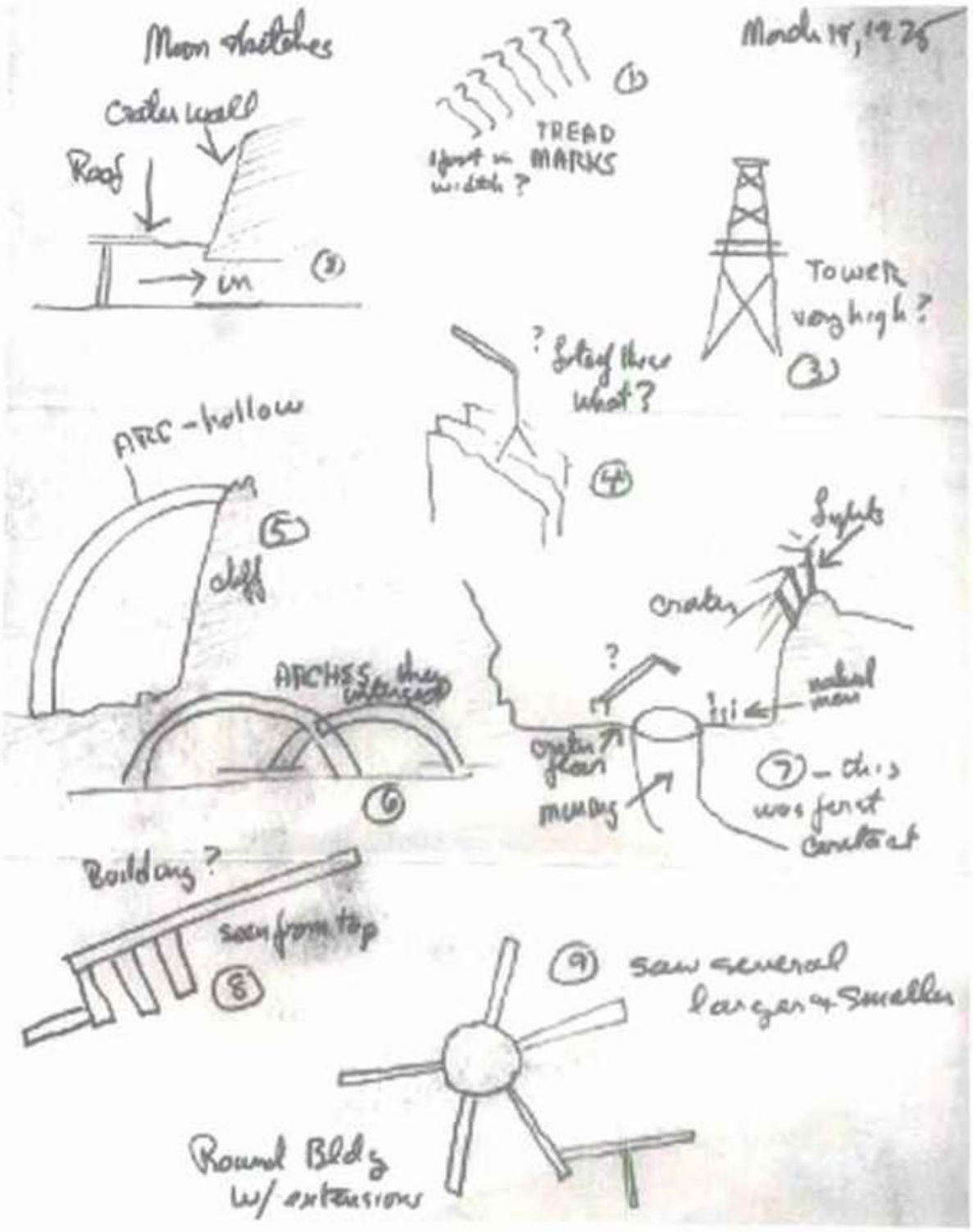
I thus decided, in my small mental recesses to be sure, that we on Earth may have neighbors who are not from Earth!

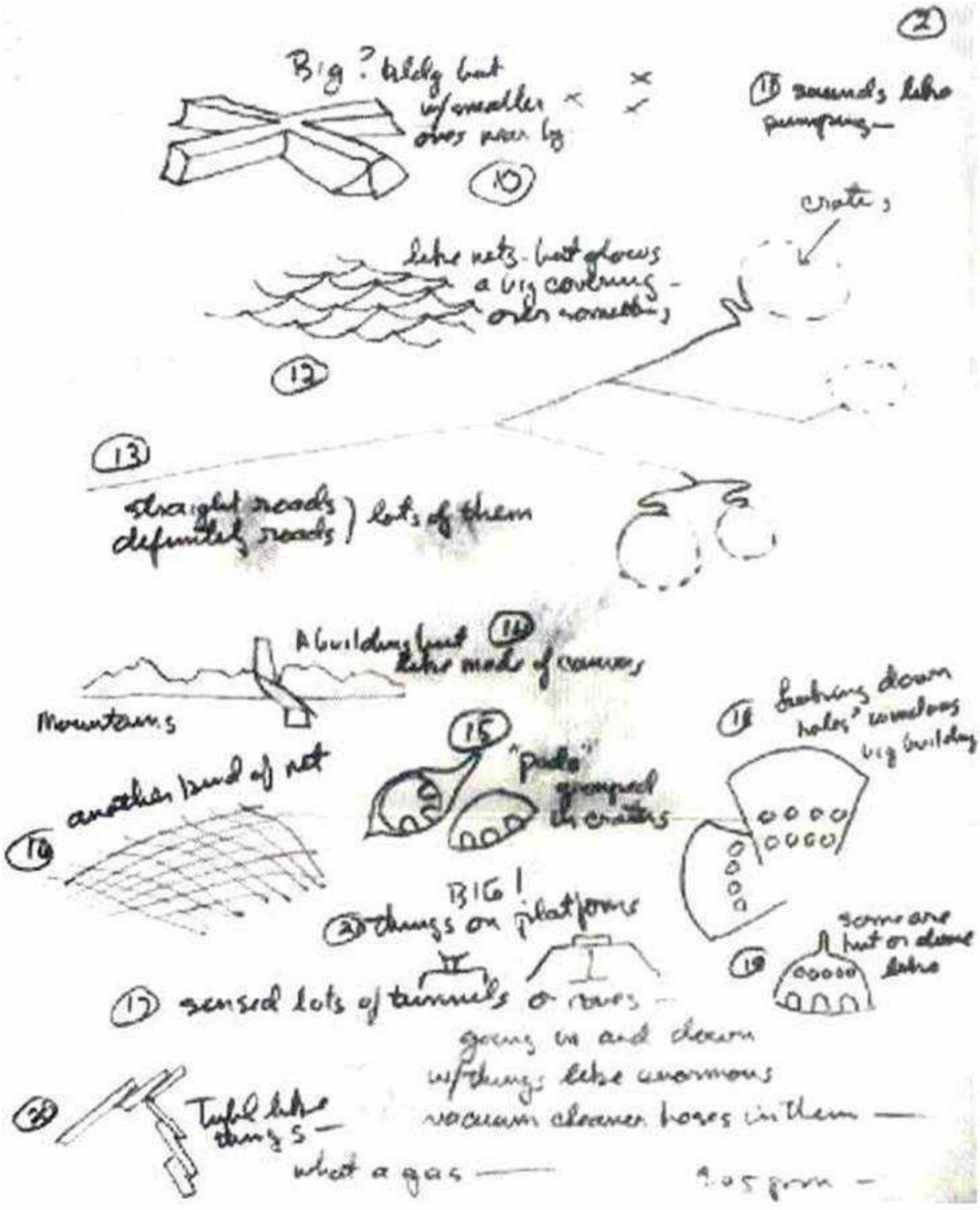
And/or that some of our systems and organizations may indeed "contain" extraterrestrial "influences" in them.

I mean, how much does it take to put two and two together?

I began to see why Mr. Axelrod's group, if they themselves were not extraterrestrials (as I wondered at times) was ultra-secret, and came and went under changing subterfuges of one kind or another.

Soon, however, I was sucked back into the hectic pace of my life and research work. Soon, I'd "forgotten" all of this. If I thought about it at all, it was only to have the fleck of an idea that the Leonard book constituted the feedback, and so that was that.


Moon sketches
March 14, 1974
Crater wall
Roof
in
(2)
TREAD MARKS
(1)
Tower very high?
(3)
? Stay there what?
(4)
ARC - hollow
(5)
Diff
ARCHES
(6)
Sights
crater
natural mem
(7) - this was first contact
Building?
seen from top
(8)
(9) saw several larger & smaller
Round Bldg w/ extensions


(2)
Big? Wldly but w/smaller ones near by
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like nets - but glows a big covering - oder something
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straight roads definitely roads) lots of them
A building but like made of canvas
(14)
Mountains
(15) "pods" grouped in crates
another kind of net
(16)
looking down holes" windows big building
(18)
BIG! things on platforms
(21)
some are hut or dome like
(19)
(17) sensed lots of tunnels & rooms — going in and down w/things like enormous vacuum cleaner hoses in them —
(20) Tufted like things —
what a gas —
1.05 ppm —

Ingo Swann Moon Sketches, (continued)

CHAPTER 7

THE EVENT IN LOS ANGELES

During August and September 1976 I traveled several times between SRI and Los Angeles. I went to La-La Land to pursue yet another of the many kinds of studies I had undertaken hopefully to increase my understanding of higher human functions.

I had several good friends in La-La Land, and I was staying in the house of one of them. This was a certain Conrad W. who had many extraordinary qualities. One had the feeling that Conrad was a kind of uncomplicated "old soul," who was somewhat out of place in a modernist society that had become dramatically detached from even remote elements of wisdom.

Conrad seemed to absorb insightful information by telepathic osmosis. He was articulate about many things, but very laid back and with a subtle sense of humor. In other words, he was delightful to be with.

I was also in touch with the marvelous researcher, Dr. Shafica Karagulla, and her research companion, Dr. Viola Neal, both of whom have passed on.

Shafica was a neuropsychiatrist who had broken with mainstream psychiatry to establish the Higher Sense Perception Foundation, and had published in 1967 her famous book, *Breakthrough to Creativity.*

Viola was a notable clairvoyant whose psychic mapping of human biofields and psychic diagnosis of diseases had been confirmed by doctors and in hospitals.

Viola and Shafica were very kind to me in many ways. Their combined knowledge levels seemed extensive, even endless.

One had the impression that their consciousnesses were existing in some higher frequency range—from where they could look down into the dross of average human life.

And in this dross, this dynamic duo could perceive conspiracies everywhere at work—conspiracies erecting invisible prisons into which human abilities were incarcerated and destroyed.

Beyond this, the two were plugged into the unofficial tom-toms of science central and its many fringes which included parapsychology, governmental plans and plots, and the carryings-on of contemporary mystics and occultists.

But they were careful about relaying important gossip because, as they said,

doing so was dangerous not only to reputations but in extreme cases to life and limb.

They were interested in my "work," but a little paranoid because of the close governmental connections to the developmental project at Stanford Research Institute. What this meant was that the duo would gossip only to a certain degree about the conspiracies of the world, but were careful NOT to say too much.

I, of course, wanted the whole package, for Karagulla was not simply one of those off-the-wall conspiracy buffs dwelling in notable confusions characteristic of at least some conspiracy enthusiasts.

In her earlier days in the Middle East she had actually worked for a number of official intelligence agencies, and in truth she WAS familiar with the internal workings of the vast international sub-rosa organizations.

In order to get deeper into the whole conspiracy package trembling within the duo, I had found that if I plied them with a little good wine, their reticence lost its edge and they talked more freely.

While staying at Conrad's place, I planned another liquid safari into their reticence. Conrad was also a conspiracy addict as was I, and so I asked him if we could have the duo to dinner at his place.

Since gourmet cooking was a passion with me and with Conrad, and since I had explained the full purpose of the meal, we had to plan a superlative menu and lay in supplies for it. The supplies, of course, included reasonably good wines.

Conrad drove us to very large Hollywood supermarket filled with, among other things, the lush produce of the San Fernando Valley farms and orchards.

I had decided to start the meal with artichokes stuffed with crab and breadcrumbs, topped with cheese melted with a fine brandy.

In order to reduce shopping time, I gave Conrad a list of other comestibles. He went in the direction of meats, and I went in the direction of the veggies.

The supermarket had huge tables loaded with artichokes. At one of the artichoke tables was standing a ravishing woman.

She was notable not so much for her excessive female physical endowments, but by the fact that they were barely covered.

She was dressed in the briefest of halters of pink with big yellow polka dots. Beneath that were short-shorts so short they barely existed. Far beneath that she wore a pair of platform high-heels about eight inches high.

She had volumes of gorgeous black hair, and her eyes were covered by purple sunglasses. She was absolutely awesome.

I thought: "Good Heavens!!!"

She was rummaging through the artichokes, and I wanted some, too. So I

worked my way covertly and nonchalantly into her proximity so I could closer appreciate her near-naked breasts.

To make this look natural, with my eyes barely on them, I fumbled some selected artichokes into a bag.

And then! For absolutely no reason at all I experienced an electrifying wave of goosebumps throughout my whole body.

The hair on my arms practically stood at attention, and the hair on my neck definitely did.

Without rhyme or reason or forethinking or anything at all I suddenly "knew" she was an alien, an extraterrestrial.

My throat went dry. My hands started shaking. And so I decided to back off and start examining the oranges and grapefruits for the fruit aspic Conrad and I were going to try to achieve.

To get to the oranges, I had to turn—and then!

Way down the line-up of vegetable cases I recognized, of ALL astounding and possible things, ONE OF THE TWINS!

HE was watching the woman.

HE saw that I saw him, and there immediately arose in my mind an image of a white card: Please do not speak, and please act normal.

Trying to gather my surprised wits, by now somewhat shattered, the silliest thought then occurred to me.

Well, if one of the twins is HERE, of all places, then the other one must be, too.

And sure enough, the other twin was at the opposite end of the vegetable line-up—and he was watching the woman, too.

This time, both the twins were DRESSED IN BLACK! Not the infamous black suits worn by those who are said to warn those who have seen UFOs not to talk about them.

Here were black jeans, black boots, and black tank-tops, looking like macho hoodlums of the L.A. variety.

At this point, I realized that I was somewhere I should not be, and I made a hasty and strategic retreat to the bread section on the other side of the store. By the time I reached the bread section, a considerable wave of TERROR had begun to make itself felt.

Something here now needs to be clarified.

If I hadn't seen the twins, I might have attributed to my imagination something of the strange effect I experienced near the ultra-sensuous woman.

But that was now not possible at all.

The twins' presence, coupled with my psychic alert, confirmed that the woman

WAS an ET.

I don't quite remember how the rest of the shopping went.

Conrad and I got our groceries checked out. On the way to the car, I explained that we would not attempt the orange aspic after all.

Once in his car in the parking lot I asked him to wait a few moments. He asked what was wrong.

I said "just wait." Shortly, the female came out pushing a loaded grocery cart.

"Study that one, and tell me what you think."

Conrad looked briefly at the woman—and then said the most remarkable thing.

"Well, if you mean do I think she's an extraterrestrial, yes," said Conrad in a bored way. "We've got a lot of them here in La-La Land."

I didn't ask him what he thought about the two who were observing her squeezing her fabulousness and groceries into a broken-down yellow Volkswagen. I sank down in Conrad's car and urged him to make a quick departure.

The dinner for Shafica and Viola was a complete success. Naturally, after plying them, and ourselves, with copious amounts of good wine, we told them that we had seen yet another ET down at the supermarket.

This opened up rather inebriated discussions about the ET civilization which was busy infiltrating Earth. Shafica and Viola discussed all of these things in whispers—and the more serious they became the harder it was to hear them.

Viola: "There are a lot of THEM, you know, and many are bio-androids."

Shafica: "They're dangerous, you know, and they realize that Earth psychics are their only enemies. Be careful, Ingo, be careful."

All of THIS information package—without ME ever mentioning the Axelrod event.

CHAPTER 8

GRAND CENTRAL STATION

It was only a few days after The Encounter that I returned to New York for much needed relief from research. I only half expected a call from Mr. Axelrod. It was not long in coming.

The phone rang early one evening, and a cheery female voice on the other end asked: "Mr. Swann?"

I said, "Yes."

"A friend of yours would like to talk with you."

"OK."

"He wants to talk to you on another telephone. Is it convenient for you to be in Grand Central Terminal at 7:30 tonight?"

"I suppose so," I replied.

"Very good, then. Go to the vicinity of the information box in the central concourse and wait there until you see someone you will recognize."

My telephone then abruptly went dead! No good-bye or thank you, no sizzle, static, or dial tone—as if the telephone was out of order.

I picked up the receiver again in a few moments: it was still dead.

I took the subway to Grand Central, and joined the masses thronging around the information box in the grand and very large main hall.

There is a large clock on top of this information box, and I saw I was five minutes early.

Those five minutes passed, and so did ten minutes more.

I said to hell with it, and went to get a take-out cup of coffee in one of the arcades just off of the main hall. I lit a cigar (these were the days before no-smoking in public places.)

Then, standing about ten feet away, I suddenly saw someone I recognized. I think I had noticed him before, but the fact had not registered.

He, of course, was one of the twins, but dressed in a fashion which made him look like one of the homeless vagrants that hang out in the great railway station.

Seeing that I now recognized him, he put a finger to his lips, and I gathered I was not to show any signs of recognizing him. I don't know why my hands were shaking a little, but they were. I sipped my coffee. The twin spent about ten minutes carefully surveying the floods of people in the terminus.

Finally he gave me a slight nod, and headed in an easterly direction of the arcade away from the great hail. I gathered I was to follow.

He went down one of the corridors leading to Lexington Avenue.

There were, and still are, some stairs leading down to a subway entrance inside this corridor.

Making sure I was in tow, down them he went. I followed.

I next caught sight of him standing near to a bank of telephone booths (which don't exist today.) He stepped into one and I could see him through the glass dialing a number (these were the days when telephone booths with doors still existed).

I kept at a distance, but I am sure he never said a word into the receiver.

He then put the receiver down on the small counter inside the booth, and moved away.

I gathered I was supposed to go into the booth and pick up the receiver.

At the other end was a little static, and not knowing what else to say I said "Hello."

"Mr. Swann?" It was the same cheery female who had telephoned me at home.

"Yes."

"What is that thing on your right hand?"

"Oh, you mean my tattoo?"

"What is its color?"

"Mostly green," I replied.

"Good, then. Please wait until you are linked."

Linked? What did THAT mean?

After which followed several beeps and noises and different forms of static.

Finally, Mr. Axelrod came on.

"I'm sorry to have to do it this way," he began, "but we had to get you to a telephone which scrambles our conversation, and where you can be watched." I was about to say hello, but Axelrod's voice became very firm.

"Do not say anything except answers to my questions." So knowing he was going to yell at me because of my inadvertent encounter in LA LA Land, I remained quiet as a mouse.

"I may seem a little aggressive," Axel said, "but we would like to know why you were in that Los Angeles supermarket?"

"I was staying with some friends, and we decided to cook dinner. I wanted orange aspic with lamb chops and I wanted to stuff artichokes. We didn't have any."

Silence. Then: "There was no other reason? Had you ever seen that woman or seen her since?"

"No."

Silence. "Why were you looking at her?"

"Well, for chrissakes, she was extremely sexy and nearly falling out of the few clothes she had on. I first saw her from the rear, and just tried to see what the front looked like up close. She was messing with the artichokes."

"You're sure there was no other reason."

"Absolutely."

More silence. Then: "What did you think of her?"

Now it was my turn to be silent for a moment. "Well, I don't know why—but I got the impression she wasn't, well, exactly like us."

"What WAS she like?"

I nearly choked on the word. "Extraterrestrial!"

"What made you think that?"

"I have no idea. It was just an impression. She had some kind of vibes or something. She sent chills up my spine, and I felt the hair on the back of my neck starting to stand up."

"Have you felt you have seen people like her before?"

"If you mean have I seen extraterrestrials before, the answer is no. Strange people, sure, but nothing like I got from her."

'Why did you run away so fast?"

"After I spotted the twins, I realized something was going on. The whole thing scared the shit out of me."

"OK," Axel said after a pause, "I'll buy it. Do you think she noticed you psyched her out?"

"I have no idea. She was into the artichokes. The whole thing happened too fast. But she never looked at me, at least I couldn't say for sure, since her eyes were hidden behind those strange purple glasses."

"Think, man!" Axel insisted. "This is very important. Did she notice you at all?"

I suddenly started shaking. "No… my best guesstimate is that she did not."

"Were you at the counter first, or was she?"

"Well, she was. I first saw her from way down the aisle, and then I decided to go up and have a closer look."

"You're sure?"

"Sure of what?"

"Well, did she make any attempt to get close to you, or was it you who made the attempt?"

I wanted to blurt out that the twins well knew the answer to this, since apparently THEY had her under surveillance.

"I don't think she saw me at all, and she was there when I got there!" A tone of desperation had entered into my voice.

Silence. "Good. OK. I feel obliged to tell you that she is very dangerous. If you ever see her again, especially if she approaches you, make every effort to put distance between you and her. But act natural, always do it naturally."

I had no idea what to say, so I said nothing.

"Do you understand?"

"Not really," I managed to whisper, "but I guess so."

"Good. How is your remote-viewing work coming along at SRI?"

By this time sweat was pouring down my sides from my armpits. I was relieved to have the topic change. "Very good. We are getting good results, and I am understanding more every day. I am aiming at least for 65 per cent accuracy across the boards."

"Hum," Axel breathed. "Can you actually achieve that?"

"Probably, but frankly not in every case. We all, our clients too, are interested in the possibility."

Another long silence. "We would be interested in… we have a special task… can you let us know when you reach 65 per cent? How long do you think it will take?"

"Well, if we don't do it soon, we might not get more funds for next year."

More silence, this time a long one. My hand on the receiver was sweating. Finally: "You have an office with a desk in it, right?"

"Yes."

"When you reach 65 per cent, take an ordinary piece of bond paper, 8" by 11", write 65 on it, and leave it beneath the blotter."

How did he know my desk at SRI had a blotter? "OK," I said.

"Good. We will be in touch shortly after that. Do you understand everything?"

Hardly. I understood nothing. But I said, as conspiratorially as possible: "Yes."

"I'm sure," Axel continued, "you get the general drift of all this… that no one, NO ONE should learn of any of this?"

"I get the general drift. All this is serious—and 'dangerous,' right?"

I didn't think I should tell him of our dinner conversation back in Los Angeles where apparently everyone viewed sexy extraterrestrials every day.

"You got it."

Axelrod hung up. These people, whomever they were, never said good-bye or thank you.

The line went dead for a moment as the "link," whatever it was composed of, was disconnected. But then at least a dial tone came back on.

The twin had apparently seen me hang up, and when I came out of the booth he nonchalantly walked by with a paper cup as if he was soliciting a hand-out.

Attached to the cup was a small card: "Go directly to Lexington and grab a cab. We will guard your rear. Do not look back."

Nervous as hell, but thinking it would appear proper, I boldly pulled out a quarter and plopped it into his cup, where it clanged with other coins.

I went to Lexington Avenue and flagged down a cab as fast as possible, never once looking back.

But I didn't take it directly to my address, but to the corner of Eighth Street and Third Avenue, where I loitered for some time, trying to see if I had been followed.

I then went to my favorite bar nearby and over-consumed cheap beer. My imagination was going full steam ahead.

The paranoid fears that followed this event occupied me for some time thereafter. I had the distinct feeling that everywhere must be extraterrestrials and/or Axel's henchmen or operatives.

And? WHO WERE this Axelrod and his henchmen, anyway?

I spent days, weeks, cycling through the possibilities. CIA, KGB, Mossad, M-5, some ultra-secret military goings-on?

Worst of all was the speculation they, themselves, might be extraterrestrial.

Perhaps there was a space opera going on in which two different sets of extraterrestrial troops were fighting some kind of war here on Earth—while both at the same time were somehow ensuring that HUMANS never realize that they, themselves, are psychic.

What a scenario, huh? Talk about being on the outermost fringes! Fringes so outermost that one didn't even know where the fringes were in relationship to anything else.

The worst thing was I could not talk, certainly did not dare to, about any of this to anyone.

I was sure I had gotten into something quite over my head. I worried I might get killed or kidnapped—disappeared—and end up as slave labor in the mines on the Moon.

Even as I now write, which I am sure many will find too incredible, for words, I have to wonder…"

About a year later, in June 1977, I placed the 65 percent signal under the blotter on my desk at SRI in California, which is to say, in our allegedly secure, guarded premises there. Entrance to my office was code locked. Only I knew the code, and it only existed in my mind.

I checked under the blotter every day and afternoon thereafter for about three

months.

Then one morning when I lifted the blotter the hair on my arms once again stood up. The signal was gone.

In its place was some dust-like powder in which a finger had scrawled two words: "Expect contact."

I brushed the powder into my trash, and sat down, completely unnerved.

My next meeting with Axel and his crew completely blew my mind, knocked my socks off!

The result of the promised "contact" was that if I had any remaining doubts about whether they existed, such doubts were shortly to be resolved.

I almost got killed in the process.

CHAPTER 9

MR. AXELROD AND HIS TRAVELING PLANS

The expected contact came early in July 1977, a few days after I discovered the message in the dust.

The "campus" of Stanford Research Institute has a very nice dining room where my colleagues and I often ate lunch, especially if we were being visited by "dignitaries."

Access to the dining room is through a large lobby, at one end of which stands a very large globe of Earth about six feet in diameter.

I don't remember who we were lunching with that Friday, but when we passed through the crowded lobby on the way to the dining hall, there was Mr. Axelrod standing as large as life, but I suppose inconspicuously, by the globe of Earth.

When he saw that I had noticed him (I had actually stopped dead in my tracks) he walked quickly into the men's room adjoining the lobby.

So I did what I thought he expected of me. I excused myself from my colleagues saying I had to take a leak. To do this, I had to get the key to the toilet from the dining room hostess. Everything at SRI was kept locked because of its Pentagon connections and the fear that terrorists might plant a bomb in the heads.

When I entered the men's room, Axel boldly locked the door with a key and whispered in my ear: "Can you get away right now for the weekend? I want to take you somewhere and show you something? Just nod yes or no."

I nodded yes.

"There's a car in the parking area outside the lobby. I'll wait for you there. Invent a convincing story for your friends. You may be away as long as four days." He then unlocked the door.

I had to think fast about what might stand up as a "convincing story" as I joined our group in the dining room. But all I could really think about was how Axelrod had secured the key to the men's room.

I told my colleagues that I had just remembered I was supposed to join some friends in San Francisco for a long weekend, and without further ado just left them.

The "car" outside proved to be a high-wheeled Jeep, and Axel himself was the driver.

We sped out of the SRI grounds in silence. Axel made it to the freeway heading toward San Jose. Then: "Have you ever seen a UFO?" he asked.

"Yes, I think so."

"Can you describe it?"

"Well, when I was in high school in Tooele, Utah, I used to climb to the top of a large hill called Little Mountain.

"From there you can see across the vast Bonneville Valley and see the Great Salt Lake to the north. It has big islands in it, you know. The view of this vista was just wonderful.

"I used to take naps up there in the late afternoon, but on this particular day I noticed a speck of light really high in the sky over what must have been Salt Lake City.

"It was flying west, and I thought it was an airplane moving really fast.

"But at a certain point in its westward flight it abruptly made a right angle turn downward, not a curved turn down but exactly 90 degrees.

"It plunged straight down, and fell into the shadows of the islands or mountains because the sun was lowering in the west and making shadows go to the east.

"I stood up, thinking that the plane had exploded or crashed.

"But as I did the thing rose directly straight up, out of the shadows.

"It rose up to its former elevation, like about 35,000 or 40,000 feet up, and once there disappeared directly into the west in a burst of speed, which was dazzling.

"I didn't know what to think of this, but years later decided it must have been a UFO after I had learned that some of them make right-angle turns.

"Why it did what it did is beyond me. The whole of this down and up and speeding away took place in less than a minute. All I really saw, though, was a speck of light."

Axelrod was silent. It was hot, the Jeep had no air conditioner. Then: "We may have an opportunity to see one of them rather close up. Are you game?"

Even among all the astonishments available in the Axelrod scenario, nothing could have amazed me more. "You mean there's one around here! You've captured one?"

"Oh, no, not that. We have to take a trip, then a hike to a place where one shows up at intervals. Are you game?"

Was I GAME! Who wouldn't be?

Axelrod drove us to the San Jose airport and, leaving the Jeep in a "no-parking" area in front of one of the terminals, we walked directly through the lobby and out the other side to a waiting Lear jet.

Other people had flown me in similar planes, wealthy people who were interested in talking about using Psi to discover sunken treasures and oil deposits. I loved the elegant jets for their sense of opulence and power, one of the most poignant status trophies for having "arrived" financially.

Waiting alongside the jet was one of the ubiquitous twins, this time dressed in an olive green jumpsuit and helmet—definitely "military" in appearance.

We were aloft in about three minutes. It turned out that the other twin was doing the flying.

Once aloft, the twin provided some sandwiches, and Axel said: "We are going to the middle of nowhere. It will be rather cold and rough there.

"But we have all you will need, including a supply of your cigars (he smiled), so after you've eaten you should catch some sleep. It's about a five-hour or so flight.

"It will be dark when we arrive, and then we have to drive about two hours after that.

"Don't ask where we are going, since I can't tell you that—and (with some hesitation) it's better that you not know."

"You know, Axel," I replied, "it may be that I could function better if I knew what was going on."

Axel frowned through the sandwich he was eating. "Well, I can't tell you very much since doing so would endanger our mission and perhaps you, too.

"But I could ask you what YOU think is going on."

So here it was again, the one-way conversation typical of all "Mr. Axelrod" encounters.

"Well, I guess you guys, whoever you are, have a problem, and from all I can tell, Earth is under some kind of siege. UFOs appear everywhere, are seen by thousands.

"Yet they are elusive, but of concern, and so you are trying to fit the pieces together. And I would suppose, too, that you are desperate, enough at least to try to employ psychics to help you out."

"You see," Axel laughed. "I don't have to tell you anything, do I?"

It was no use. So I settled down and tried to sleep, which I actually did even though I thought I would not.

Axel woke me later. "Fasten your seat belt; we're going to land in a few moments." I glanced out the windows. It was dark outside, and there were no lights anywhere.

But shortly we bumped along a runway without the aid of ANY lights.

"No lights?" I commented.

"It's a very high-tech plane," Axel commented. "It just LOOKS like a standard

Lear."

Once landed, we descended from the jet into not just cool but icy air, rich with the smell of pines.

Our only lights were flashlights the twins were carrying.

Nearby was a van of some kind, painted with camouflage colors. Nearby I could make out a small building, but it was empty, or at least had no lights in it.

Inside the van: "Here is a jumpsuit," Axel said. "It is thermalized, yet light. You have to remove everything, and you can have no metals on you.

"I know you have teeth fillings, but there is nothing we can do about that. All the fasteners on the jumpsuit and its hood and attached gloves are made of wood and leather."

So shortly I was geared up, finding there were pockets large enough to hold a cigar supply.

While I was changing, the twins had started up the van and we were on our way to wherever we were going.

The drive lasted about two hours. We climbed up some mountains, and negotiated some steep hair-pin curves. No one talked at all.

Against the dark sky I could see tall pines whose own darkness blotted out the amazingly beautiful spectacle of billions of stars. We were in the far north, I concluded.

At a certain point, the sound of the van's motor ceased. Yet the van kept moving. I had, and still don't have, no idea of how a van can move without its engine going.

Finally, the van parked beneath some pines.

We disembarked. "We have to walk about forty minutes, now," Axel whispered.

"It's extremely important that we be as quiet as possible. Do exactly as we do, make no noise, and DO NOT talk! And DO NOT light a cigar!"

So we walked in what amounted to almost pure blackness, but at a good pace.

At certain points, one of the twins would take my arm to help me, for instance, across a small creek or around an unseen rock.

They had some kind of goggles over their eyes, which I took to be night-vision things. I didn't at all see why they had not provided me with them, too.

We went up and over some ridges, and then down into some kind of large, flatish area dense with pines. Then we climbed into a sort of arroyo. Once there, we walked a few feet further and sat down on a thick cushion of fallen pine needles behind some large rocks.

Axel whispered: "We're here. Out there in front of us is a small lake. As dawn comes, you'll be able to see it through the pines. We now wait, and hope we are

lucky. Say nothing, do NOT make any noise."

"Lucky'?" What did that mean?

CHAPTER 10

SEEING ONE

I couldn't see anything at all, save the narrowest dark blue-green glimmer of dawn in the east.

I whispered back to Axelrod: "What am I supposed to do?"

"Just observe, we'll debrief later," he responded. "But it's really important now to observe complete silence from this point on. And do not move unless I tell you to. They detect heat, noise, motion like mad."

So, I was silent.

There we were, four of us sitting silently like rocks ourselves. But suddenly, the two twins gave some kind of hand signal.

"It's begun," Axel whispered. "Please, please! DO NOT make any noise, and do not move unless we tell you to."

My eyeballs rolled around trying to perceive what had begun.

I couldn't see anything unusual at all, save for what appeared to be some gray fog forming up in the direction of the lake. I thought it was just morning fog coming up.

This fog continued forming for about five minutes, and suddenly I saw what had "begun."

For in a moment's eye flicker the gray fog changed, first into luminous neon blue, and then into angry purple.

At that point, Axel and one of the twins put a firm hand on each of my shoulders, and it was a good thing they did.

A network of purple, red, and yellow lightning bolts shot in all crazy directions through the "cloud", and I would have jumped up if not held down.

And then, there it was. Somewhat transparent at first, but in the next second, as if fading-up (like the movie term) out of nowhere, there IT WAS!—solidly visible over the lake whose reflecting waters I could now clearly see.

And IT was GETTING BIGGER!

I don't really know what I had expected, but I had assumed that what I would see, if anything, would be something like a flying saucer. No chance of a saucer here, baby. Because IT was triangular, and its top angle sort of inverted in pulses, so that overall it appeared to be diamond shaped.

At that moment in my astonishment, we could hear a "wind" coming, and it

moved past us like a tangible magnetic field, rustling the pine trees around us so much that some cones and branches fell on us.

The two firm hands on my shoulders tightened, warning me not to move in pure physical reaction.

At the same time, ruby-red laser-like beams began shooting out from the "thing", which incredibly was now growing even MORE in size—while still stationary in its original position over the lake.

One of the twins now TALKED softly, although the sound of his voice was like thunder to me.

"Shit! They're enveloping the area! They're going to spot us!"

I had no time to wonder about what he meant. Indeed, some of the laser-red beams had begun blasting pine trees! Of all things!

At the same time, the "thing" had now increased its size to what may have been about ninety feet wide.

The whole of this so far had been accomplished in COMPLETE silence, and even the electric bolts had not "crackled." The blasting of the trees, though, was now audible, while at the same time I could begin to hear low-frequency pulsations.

"They're blasting deer or porcupines or something in the forest," Axel explained softly in a calm but tense stage whisper. "The beams sense biological body heat, and they're sure to hone in on us."

At that moment, the two hands tightened on my shoulders and I was dragged and practically thrown back down into the arroyo.

There was a terrific "pop" where we had been, and some large branches of nearby pines cascaded down on us.

That was my last sight of the triangular thing, but in that last moment I could see the WATER OF THE LAKE SURGING UPWARD—like a waterfall going upward, as if being sucked into the "machine!"

I had landed rather hard on my butt. But with my feet dragging, the twins pulled me up and ran with me between them down the arroyo a short way where they suddenly flung me like a sack of corn under a rock overhang of some kind.

Axel plopped in virtually on top of me, and the four of us huddled packed together like mice in a matchbox.

Axel was breathing hard. The twins were breathing hard.

I was barely breathing at all, and it took some while to realize that a rock or stick had cut through the jumpsuit into my leg, and that the wound was bleeding.

However, I needed no whispered instructions to be as quiet and still as possible.

I was virtually petrified with a kind of terror for which there are few if any

words to describe. But there was also a kind of thrill. I HAD seen one!

There we remained for a period which could have lasted anywhere between five minutes to five hours for all I knew.

In this timeless zone, I heard one of the twins say "All Clear Now,"—which seemed absolutely the most ludicrous thing I had ever heard. If ANYTHING was clear, I had not the faintest idea of what it was.

Axel asked if I was hurt. The twins stood up and, of all things, calmly took leaks while surveying the environment. For the first time, I noticed that the sky was sunlit, the pines gloriously dark green, and that birds had been sounding off for quite some time.

I stood shakily up—and threw up the contents of my stomach no less than three times.

Axel fussed with inspecting my leg wound (not very large, but bloody enough) and I started to say something like: "Yeah, yeah" I snorted, "don't tell anyone, huh!"

"No," Axelrod responded. "I wasn't going to say that, but that it's gone now, and everything's okay."

I stared at him incredulously, and just as irrationally said: "Then it's okay to light up a cigar, huh?" which I proceeded to do by pulling out a pack from the jumpsuit leg pocket.

The cigars were smashed, but while sitting on a rock I licked one of them back together and proceeded to smoke.

One of the twins was limping. The other was nonchalantly cleaning his fingernails with a small stick.

As for ME! Cascades of the most forbidding anger were pulsating through my entire body, making my hands shake.

My reality-hopper was in ultimate wreckage. La La land, to the max.

Finally, Axel said that the water in the stream was good to drink, and one of the twins jerked his head as if meaning we should depart, which we did as if just coming back from a hiking expedition.

"So," Axelrod asked while walking, "what did you sense?" I burst out laughing: "You're completely nuts, Axel! I have to be calm, cool, collected, and in good shape to sense anything. But you can bet your ass you've got a real problem, haven't you!"

Then, from a queasy area of sense-making not exactly intellectually conscious: "It was a 'drone' of some kind—unmanned, controlled from somewhere else—wasn't it?"

Axel frowned, looking at the slope of the hill we were descending. "What was it doing here?" he asked tentatively.

"Well, for chrissakes! It was THIRSTY! Taking on water, obviously. Someone, somewhere needs water… so I suppose they just come and get it.

"You don't need to be psychic to see that! Yeah! That's it, supply 'ship' Earth! Let's drive over to Earth, go shopping and pick up what we need, that kind of thing."

More silent walking until we were again driving down the bumpy road in the van which had unsmashed cigars and sandwiches in it.

"You know, Axel," I finally said, "they're really mean to blast away at 'deer and porcupines'. What can possibly be the sense of that. I've read that some landed UFOs incinerate humans. Is that true?"

Without waiting for an answer, which I knew I wouldn't get, I talked back to myself. "I suppose it is. I guess we would have been blasted, too, wouldn't we? You guys seem used to this, do you do it every once in a while?"

When we finally arrived at the airstrip, which I expected to be a secret one, I found it was thickly populated: with a USA-Alaska mail plane; three Caucasian men in plaid coats and cowboy hats lounging on the wood benches near the small hut; a police pick-up truck replete with two big-bellied "sheriffs"; ten women who I supposed were Eskimo.

All these kept their distance from US.

Near the plane was what might be called a la-la-land special: a hot-dog cart with an orange and blue umbrella.

No one was operating the cart, but the twins walked over to it and made themselves some steaming hot-dogs.

"Want one?" Axel asked. Indeed I did, three of them in fact, dripping with ketchup and mustard.

"Do they know what you are?" I asked, nodding to the observers. At this I finally got an answer to a question!

"Well," Axel responded, "they generally have been told we are wealthy environmentalists and bird-watchers who are assessing acid rain damage."

"Such bullshit," I giggled. "They know what happens up there. That's probably how you found out about this Go-To-Earth Shopping Cart."

The twins had started up the jet. As we lifted off, I could see three of the Eskimo women pushing the hot-dog cart to the hut.

About ten minutes later we passed over a tall range of beautiful mountains, then another, and about forty minutes later over a coastline and out over the ocean.

"Alaska, I suppose. That's what the mail plane said," not expecting an answer, murmuring it to amuse myself.

"Any feelings about how the object transports itself?" Axel asked.

I looked at him and burst out laughing. He had to be kidding! The "object", indeed.

"Well, it must be some kind of 'space displacer', but really Axel, I haven't a clue. But I CAN understand why people who see something like this don't believe it—and why people who haven't seen it CAN'T believe it."

Axel was silent, staring out the window.

I went on: "As I remember it, the thing did not 'transport' itself. It GREW in place right where it appeared.

"It was a pyramidal thing, not a saucer. We think of a saucer flying about, and in fact when we think of things in the air we think of flying in the air.

"We do not think of things growing in place in the air."

Axelrod studied me, but I saw he was perspiring. "Are you sick or something," I asked.

"Ah, I think I cracked a rib when we tumbled. Never mind, it's nothing serious. What's your point here?"

"In our research of remote-viewing capacities, we have learned that when the viewers 'see' something they don't understand, they explain it in ways that make sense to them.

"For example, to a viewer who has never seen an actual atomic reactor, what they are sensing can be described as a teapot, both of which are hot and 'cook'.

"We call this 'analytical overlay', meaning the mind-dynamic process of overlaying something unknown or unrecognized or unfamiliar with a mental image which is recognized.

"The psychic subject in remote-viewing a site with an atomic reactor may well overlay the impressions with a 'teapot' or a 'furnace' because these are the memory images which come closest to what is being psychically sensed.

"If you take the time to let the viewer study diagrams of atomic reactors and photographs of them and their surroundings, the next time they encounter one in psychic seeing they are more likely to identify it correctly rather than call it a teapot.

"But in general, people do something like this all the time. When they encounter something they do not understand, they tend to interpret it in ways they do understand, and they arrive at an interpretation which really doesn't have much to do with what was experienced.

"In others words, they process the unknown through what I call their 'reality-hoppers' and come up with something that fits their present realities—but which may not, and probably does not, pertain to the actual reality of what they experienced.

"People fill in the unknown with what fits with THEIR known.

"The proof here exists in the fact that when five people are shown something which is outside their experience, one of them might say that they don't know what it is.

"But the other four might produce four different explanations of what they saw.

"For example, you called that thing an 'object'. But what I saw materialized, grew in place, and I suppose dematerialized after we tumbled down the rocks and dirt.

"It may have achieved an object status at one point, but to my way of thinking this was an 'appearance' rather than an object.

"A shifting-appearance at that.

"A full part of the problem is that it is a REALITY problem FOR US.

"That thing is outside my reality-experience, and so if you keep asking what I sensed, I am quite likely to begin seizing on overlays to explain it to accommodate you.

"For example, I used the phrase 'space displacer', but I really don't know what that would be or consist of."

Axel twisted in his seat to get more comfortable. "In other words," he commented, "you assess what you experience only within the terms of what you already have experienced, is that it?"

"Pretty much so. Certainly so in experimental tests of remote-viewing, clairvoyance, and sometimes even telepathy.

"But this is a KNOWN phenomenon understood in psychology for quite some time. The only thing is that this understanding is not generally applied to human understanding on a broad scale.

"If it was broadly applied, then it would have to be admitted that what most people believe would turn out to be little more than reality-hopper 'explanations' of what they hadn't understood in the first place.

"We explain what we do not understand THROUGH whatever we think we DO understand.

"I certainly do not understand what I saw at the lake, and I think it is the better part of valor to admit it."

"OK, OK," Axel grimaced. "I got the point—which is that there are two parts of the Problem. What they really are, and what we are going to use to realize what they are."

"Yeah," I giggled. "A remote-viewing novice can study a book with diagrams of all known atomic reactors. You got a book that diagrams all seen UFOs?

"If you had even told me it would be a materializing, levitating triangle, I might not have been so shocked and could have watched it more closely without

having my reality-hopper get scrambled."

Axelrod laughed, and changed the subject. "Well, I got your point. It was probably a dangerous risk to expose you to this, ah, appearance, and we really had no right to do it."

I laughed, and relaxed. "Jesus, Axel, I'm ready to go for it again! Who wouldn't be."

"Well, probably that will not be possible. I shouldn't tell you, but our mission will be disbanded shortly and the work picked up by others, because of strategic security reasons involved."…

"Others who will not mix in with psychics, I take it," I giggled.

"You got it. Next week you will be summoned for a complete physical examination, ostensibly in line with overseeing the health status of the people on your project.

"We just want to be sure you experienced no physical damage. The physicians performing the examination will be ordinary doctors who have no knowledge of our existence. Can you explain your leg injury in some sensible way?"

"I won't have time next week. We're going to Catalina Island to do an underwater remote-viewing experiment with a submarine. I'm OK, and the cut on my leg is small. I won't have to explain it to anyone."

The last I saw of Mr. Axelrod was at the San Jose airport, and so there ends the tale of my encounters with him and his ultra-subterranean covert mission.

And I cannot prove a word of that tale and because this WAS the case, I never intended to make a written record of it.

CHAPTER 11

UFOs EVERYWHERE–DENIALS EVERYWHERE, TOO

As the years passed, two later developments changed my mind about making a written record of what I could remember of the Axelrod Affair.

Both developments somewhat jolted me, but also inspired a certain astonishment about how EASY it had been to forget about that affair.

Indeed, one would think that the Axelrod sequences would have been indelibly etched in one's memory.

But this was not the case at all. And because this was not the case, I slowly became aware that there was something associated with the sequences—something perhaps best described as a kind of amnesia.

The first jolt of memory, however, came about as follows. I am a subscriber to *FATE* magazine, which for a long time was the only publication in the United States that reported on phenomena the modern mainstreams denied could exist.

In late January, 1991, I came across an article by a certain Felix A. Bach, whom I had never heard of.

His article was entitled "Can Moon Illusions MOVE?" The article was headed by a blurb:

"For many years one of our readers has been contributing unique illustrations to objects on the Moon's surface. Now he reveals how he is able to see them—and how you can see them, too!"

According to the article, all one needs is a reasonably powerful telescope. Mr. Bach recommended one with high resolution powers up to 500x, which the manufacture of Celestron telescopes says allows viewing of lunar details as small across as a football stadium.

Mr. Bach indicated that his telescope was a new SPC 8-inch one set at 600x, and which enabled him to see "at one whack" many towers, nets which come and go, mining equipment, "beads" and "wires," and whole arches.

Bach noted that the structures "come and go" for reasons unapparent and inexplicable, but that they can be seen by telescope is now beyond question.

The article contained sketches made by Bach, some of which more or less resembled the sketches George Leonard *placed in his 1976 book Somebody Else Is On The Moon.* And so, of course, Bach sketches somewhat resembled my own made in 1975 for the benefit of Mr. Axelrod.

Not long after Bach's article, a Ufologist friend of mine visited me, and brought along a book published by some Moon enthusiast in Japan, and which, of course, was all in Japanese.

But the book was about structures on the Moon seen through a telescope. The structures were very hard to identify with the naked eye, but the book provided sketches of what the photos contained. With this help, it became credible that there were structures on the moon.

I eventually tracked down the telephone number of Felix Bach and had several conversations with him. In short, with a small telescope, it takes a "very experienced eye" to separate the vague structures from the lunar background.

This development caused me to consider TELESCOPES, and the details that could be acquired by them. The matter of telescopes will be discussed in the following section.

As a result of the Bach 1991 article, memories of the Axelrod affair now welled up. They had all along been lodged somewhere in memory, but I was somewhat astonished that it took Bach's article to bring them to the surface.

The Axelrod affair had jolted me in more ways than one. Why, then, was it not easy to remember? One would have thought that the memories would constantly have been trembling on the edge of immediate recall.

The second development that helped resurface the Axelrod memories was the advent of Camcorders available to the public.

Before easy-to-purchase video equipment became available, there had, of course, been many still photos of UFO crafts. It was easy to discredit the authenticity of the still photos simply by suggesting that they had been altered in well-equipped photo labs.

This suggestion was cast in cement when SOME photos were proven to be faked, which spread the assumption that all photos "must have been produced" likewise.

Thousands of pieces of independently achieved video footage can hardly be said to have been faked. It might be possible to do so, but only with the help of rather significant amounts of money and extensive digital computer techniques.

During 1991, Earthsiders worldwide had begun to accumulate miles and miles of Camcorder footage of UFOs, many of the craft being simultaneously taped by several recorders, but from different angles and often miles apart.

As a result, a lot of the video footage was shown on various TV shows specializing in oddities—such as *Current Affair*, *etc.*

While the increasing availability of live video footage is gross in size and dimensions and unavoidable implications, the net result is that official denial did not, and still has not, changed. The sustained denial involves government,

scientific, and military attitudes.

That the denial IS SUSTAINED is a patent fact. The question is WHY?

It is 1998 as I write this. I have just read my installment of the weekly *UFO UPDATE* available on the Internet. There are UFOs being rather convincingly reported everywhere. And everywhere, at least in mainstream echelons, the reports are either denied or completely ignored.

Back in 1991, largely because of the Felix Bach article, and largely because I had become aware of memory problems regarding the Axelrod affair, I decided to remember all I could of it and write it down—and to do so before I really did forget it altogether.

You see, I had begun to suspect that Earthsiders as a whole seem to be caught up in some kind of strange but broadly shared amnesia induced, perhaps, in some kind of wholesale way by means totally unrecognizable by human intellects.

I seem to recall, but can't remember where, a science fiction story of social-wide amnesia having to do with hypnotic commands to FORGET, FORGET what you have seen, and ATTACK AND DESTROY those who insist they have seen it.

This kind of thing is really far out, and this writer, of course, cannot insist on anything of the kind.

In Part Three, though, I'll begin to build upon this possibility a little, but only for what it might be worth to the reader.

In order to get at these suggestive issues, we can ignore what has been presented in this Part One, which, after all, is only a personal tale. Instead, we can profit by approaching the issues by reviewing two categories of evidence, even is some of it is only circumstantial.

We will begin by examining some of the evidence about the anomalous nature of the Moon.

PART II

MOON ACTIVITIES

CHAPTER 12

THE MOON AS A TARGET FOR SPIN DOCTORING?

The major purpose of this section is not to present evidence of anything, but to show that evidence does NOT seem to matter.

The answer to WHY it doesn't matter is embedded in an on-going, rather deep and tangled confusion. And it will take mental equipment far more stalwart than mine to penetrate it.

A considerable volume of very strange evidence exists about the Moon that is simply not challengeable even if it is strange.

But since evidence doesn't matter, we need not examine the entirety of the volume to make the point that it doesn't matter.

The above sentence probably sounds like a babble of words. But the babble might become more understandable if the concept of "information management" is factored into it.

Information management has to do with establishing whatever is to be conceptualized as constituting reality within any given societal framework, or within any social grouping.

This is to say that reality-making and information management are somehow interrelated—largely because the reality cannot be constructed unless information relevant to it is managed in this or that way.

The process of constructing a reality requires three activities, all of which require information-management talents:

1. facts, evidence, and information that might support the reality (thereby proving it real) need to be emphasized and, best of all, taught as the truth;
2. facts, evidence and information that would tend to deconstruct the reality need to be disposed of somehow;

3. the willful introduction of useful illusions if and when (1) and (2) above cannot be made to seem consistent or to be creatively managed.

Anyone who can become expert in dealing with the three factors above will find his or her talents as a spin doctor much in demand. The term "spin doctor" is

of rather recent vintage, of course, but the craft it represents is a quite old and traditional one.

The factors briefly outlined above seem straightforward enough, especially in that the activities of spin doctors are sometimes mentioned in mainstream media.

Indeed, what DOES a spin doctor DO if not to manage information along the lines of the three factors outlined?

Spin doctoring is usually mentioned only in relationship to political intrigues, most specifically those emerging or on-going at the highest echelons in Washington, D.C.

But the extended fact of the matter is that science, philosophy, economics and sociology are also cluttered with spin doctoring or residues of them.

It is necessary to dig a little deeper in order to achieve a more firm grasp of the meanings of the above considerations.

It can be observed, at least hypothetically, that the average human being cannot function very well unless a few realities are established, and which thereafter arouse some semblance of certainty.

Otherwise, the human sort of flops about in a sinkhole of uncertainty. And groups of humans flopping about in this way are known to be detrimental with regard to any number of situations.

Indeed, information NEEDS to be managed in order to avoid extensive demonstrations of such flopping around.

This natural and perpetual NEED automatically calls forth the profession of spin doctoring.

IF human specimens were NOT information processing entities each, in their own right, then the age-old profession of spin doctoring would not be needed.

As it is, though, human specimens ARE information processing entities. That this is so results in a variety of problems that sometimes stress the creative energies of spin doctors in no small way.

But regarding this there are sometimes two blessings that ease the job of proficient spin doctors.

The first blessing is that a fair share of humans don't really require copious amounts of information as they proceed from the womb of birth to the maw of death.

The second blessing is that a fair share of humans will accept illusory information, since it does take rather copious amounts of information to distinguish illusory from other kinds of information.

Spin doctors since antiquity have apparently been keenly aware of these two blessings. It has long been understood that illusory information can serve quite excellent purposes, since in large part there is no professed desire among the

human masses for other kinds of information.

To this must be added one other significant factor that not only eases the job of spin doctors, but elevates it into a kind of power threshold.

In that each human specimen is an information processing entity, each is also an information processing mechanism.

The latter here is not mentioned in order to diminish in any way the former.

The point is that information is composed of very numerous data bytes, the whole of which needs to be organized into some kind of information whole.

So one fact in itself tends to have little meaning unless it is compared to and combined with lots of other facts. In this sense, then, one fact (or even ten of them) only adds up to a very tiny information universe.

Beyond this, it is quite well understood that the human species, universally and generically, shares in mental equipment which processes information in what amounts to mechanistic ways.

Perhaps this can better be understood by picturing the generic mental equipment as the computer hardware, and then picturing the information (real, artificial or illusory) entered into it as mental software programs.

This is to say (as those who are computer-efficient realize) that information that conflicts is mechanically rejected, while information that agrees is mechanically accepted.

All the complexities of human mental apparatus considered, this analogy may be a weak one, to be sure. But this situation is, of course, an additional blessing for information spinning experts, or at least for proficient ones.

All that really needs to be done in order to maintain spin control of mental software programs is:

1. on the one hand, to enter and maintain certain data-information factoids considered desirable; AND

2. on the other hand to delete and maintain as deleted certain other data-information factoids considered undesirable.

Lastly, all human entities seem to possess what might be referred to as an "information comfort zone." Furthermore, most humans seem to LIKE this zone —and they don't particularly want information discomfort to be induced or intruded into it.

Thus, old and familiar information associated with information comfort is

desirable over new, unfamiliar and alien information that induces discomfort.

Thus, it is easy enough to see WHY information that might entirely wreck information comfort zones is viewed with ultimate distaste.

After all of the foregoing considerations, it is easy to suggest that the appearance of possible ET factors are factors that can be the source of major wreckage within information comfort zones typical of Earthside information packages.

That Earthside realities ARE constructed is absolutely known because an attentive historical study in this regard clearly shows that different peoples, times, and places have utilized different reality constructs.

The consideration central to all of the above has to do with WHO constructs the realities. Earthsiders, of course, assume that Earthsiders themselves construct their realities.

But if ENOUGH information based in identified and proven factoids is assembled and aligned, a somewhat unnerving answer becomes at least partially visible: WHO it is that constructs the realities is NOT at all clear.

The whole of this, of course, ends up as a mental and emotive quagmire that stresses a lot of brains and synapses.

But it can be noted that the stresses probably come about because most people on their own determination do not construct realities, but more or less adapt to those around them.

Indeed, most people are culturally discouraged from making their own reality treks into reality constructing.

This of course makes possible that great and time-honored profession referred to as reality management by the few on behalf of what the few view as the somewhat dumbed-down majority.

Of all possible candidates that might require the services of reality managing, the Moon seems the least likely.

But if enough Moon facts and factoids are assembled and aligned, then it turns out that the Moon has been treated to exceedingly expansive doses of spin doctor machinations.

There has to be a very good reason as to WHY the Moon, of all things, needs extensive spin doctor treatment.

CHAPTER 13

THE MOON–EARTH'S NATURAL SATELLITE

Briefly summarized, the confused tangle regarding the Moon consists of five major aspects or situations:

1. The traditional mainstream description of the Moon as a dead, airless, natural satellite of Earth, formed at the same time Earth was.
2. Modern scientific technology has revealed that the Moon is nothing of the kind.
3. The modern mainstreams (scientific, military, political, cultural) continue to insist that the Moon is a dead, natural satellite of Earth.
4. The dimensions of the dissembling propaganda needed to maintain (3) in the face of (2) is huge, so huge as to be unbelievable.

5. For (3) to continue to exist, and for (4) to be implemented and enforced, something VERY BIG must indeed be at stake.

As of 1975 and my encounter with Mr. Axelrod, I did not know much more about the Moon than any other average person. However, in the years that followed I took a deep interest in it (for reasons now somewhat obvious.)

Others did also, especially when more and more information began to be scientifically discovered and confirmed about the satellite's utter radical nature.

This radical nature is sufficient enough to seriously crack not only the egg-shells of conventional Earthside knowledge of the Moon, but many other Spaceside factors as well.

By reviewing but a few of the radical Moon factors, we will encounter a rather sordid mystery, some few elements of which might not be noticed unless they are pointed up.

A first element is that the strange Moon factors that have been discovered to date are NOT exactly covered up, since a good portion of them have been revealed in published scientific papers.

A second element involves not the radical factors which have seen the light of day in print, but rather their direct implications. In this sense it is quite clear that

the direct implications ARE covered up.

The exact nature of this cover-up is entirely difficult to pin down. But whatever its intimate details, all such cover-ups gain their awesome efficiency because most people are entirely ignorant about what REALLY is involved.

And where widespread ignorance exists, knowledgeable elite can form whose spin doctors can set about erecting webs of disinformation, which are accepted as information by the uninformed.

If it chances that "official secrecy" needs to be factored into the cover-up, then an elite can form within the elite, and so a cover-up can involve the workings of several elitist strata—to the degree that few can grok from where the core of the cover-up is being managed.

It is because of all this entwining of cover-ups, each of which can have different motives and purposes, that difficulties arise regarding penetrating what's involved.

In this case, the general ignorance involves knowledge about moons in general. Few have any interest in them to begin with. Those who do are limited by material considerations involving telescopes, as we will see ahead.

But if one doesn't know something about moons in general, then one will have no basis for recognizing something that might not be a moon to begin with.

The very basic and widely taught mainstream assumptions regarding moons are in four parts:

1. that planets have them, because they do;
2. that the moons are solid natural formations, as are the planets;
3. that the planets and their moons are made of stellar matter, the matter being in the form of compacted elements pulled together into a ball by gravitational forces;

    4. that the moons are formed when the planets are formed unless the strong gravity of a planet somehow "captures" an asteroid that comes racing by and then goes into a safe orbit around the planet. This possibility, however, would certainly be a delicate business.

The two inferior planets (Mercury and Venus) of our own star system have no moons, Earth has one, and each of the superior planets (Mars, Jupiter, etc.) have one or more.

Since the advent of modern scientific times, the formation of the Earth-Moon

system is dated at 4.5 billion years ago. There has never been any doubt about the assumption that Earth's Moon is a natural satellite formed when Earth was formed, and hence formed from the same general materials.

So far, so good, right?

When Earthsiders began dreaming of going to the Moon, it was clear that they would have to do so by being encased in a spaceship. Further dreaming involved the concept of artificial satellites that might orbit planets.

Out of this arose a small necessity to distinguish between a natural and an artificial satellite. This distinction was logical, and incorporated the idea that an artificial satellite needed to be hollow in order to be useful—whereas a natural satellite, such as a moon, obviously would be solid.

In this regard, and as began to be noted during the 1960s and 1970s, scientific discoveries about Earth's Moon produced some rather confusing data about its physical characteristics.

As to Moon's physical characteristics prior to the space age, all official sources of information were based on telescopic and photographic studies of its surface.

After the American and Soviet missions to the Moon, the instruments carried by unmanned and manned vehicles made it possible to extend more intimate knowledge about the natural satellite.

As will be discussed later, knowledge about the Moon acquired in THIS way was to prove difficult to grasp.

The Moon probes were of several kinds, the multitudes of them commencing after the Soviet Union established in Earth orbit the artificial satellite Sputnik 1 in October, 1957.

This was a scientific and/or military coup by the Soviet Union, a Cold War one-ups-manship which embarrassed the United States.

The United States made up for this affront when, in 1961, President Kennedy committed the United States to the goal of landing men on the Moon, and bringing them safely back. As is often stated, the resulting Apollo program then became the largest scientific and technological undertaking in history.

But the general Cold War idea regarding the Moon was that the first Earthside superpower to colonize it could rule Earth from this Spaceside natural satellite.

That nothing of the kind happened now is a factoid that has to be carried in mind from this point on.

With the goals of lunar conquest and scientific advancement now firmly in hand, the United States began by launching a quite large number of Moon orbiting satellites that preceded the landings on the lunar surface.

Reported numbers of such satellites vary between fifty and 450, but most

specify that the majority of them had military purposes, the truth of which can be imagined with some degree of certainty.

As the Earthside nascent space age developed, probes to the Moon were in the form of fly-bys and unmanned landers: the Soviet Luna crafts, the American Pioneer, Ranger, and Surveyor vehicles. The first landers were designed to crash on the Moon, but shortly soft-landings succeeded.

In August, 1966, the United States successfully launched the first Lunar Orbiter, which took pictures of both sides of the Moon, as well as the first pictures of Earth from the Moon's vicinity.

The primary mission of the Orbiter crafts was to locate suitable landing sites for Apollo, the American manned spacecraft program.

Between 1966 and 1968, more American Surveyors were launched, as well as more Soviet Luna Orbiters.

The ultimate goal, of course, was to put men on the Moon. Twenty Apollo missions were planned in order to achieve this goal, the first six being unmanned checkouts of the delicate equipment.

The principal objective was finally achieved in July, 1969, when Apollo 11 was the first to land men on the Moon, while in July, 1971, Apollo 15 marked the first use of the Lunar Rover.

In December, 1972, Apollo 17 was the LAST American craft to the Moon. At that point, American Moon visits abruptly ceased for reasons that were never adequately explained. The remaining three Apollo craft which were already built at enormous expense, were left to rot.

It was not until 1995, some twenty-three years later, that the Clementine craft was sent to the Moon. This, however, was a U.S. Army project, not a NASA effort.

Luna 21 of January 1973 seemed to be the last Soviet craft, but in August 1976, Luna 24 landed on the lunar surface—after which the Soviets, too, desisted from tackling the Moon.

Thus, the great and very expensive race of the two Earthside superpowers to colonize the Moon came to an ignominious end—and for reasons which were not clear at all.

All things considered, especially the enormous advantages of Moon colonization, the reasons must have been quite impressive.

Instead, in 1972, a change of emphasis came about regarding Space Exploration.

After a decade of hot and exceedingly competitive and exceedingly expensive interest in the Moon (and which included the idea of setting up Moonbases there), the Americans and the Soviets decided TO JOIN UP and attempt to erect

not a Moonbase, but an Earth-orbiting Skylab.

Thereafter, Moon interest faded into official and popular obscurity—even though the Moon itself IS an Earth-orbiting thing. If one thinks about it, this is somewhat strange.

Additionally, most sources, such as the Columbia Encyclopedia, regarding Space Exploration indicate that Moon missions produced "increasingly large amounts of scientific data."

Even so, until 1997, official scientific descriptions of the nature of the Moon remained more or less the same as they had been offered up in 1957 some forty-five years earlier.

The Moon remained a dead satellite, airless, with high mountains, craters and dry, dusty, glassy and stony plains (called Mares (Seas)) estimated to be formed from magma, breccias, and glassy melt resulting from molten sprays of superheated meteorite impacts.

The Moon's age was still given as 4.5 billion old, dating from the time that the rest of the solar system was formed.

CHAPTER 14

SITUATION MOON ROCK

There is a rather sprightly category of information about the Moon called anomalies—the common definitions of this term referring to an irregularity or a deviation from the common rule.

However, a more precise definition refers to something that prevailing wisdom is quite certain cannot exist or is impossible—but which is found to be existing anyway and is therefore not impossible.

In this sense, an anomaly is something that is discovered to exist and which thus tends to disestablish the comfort zones of prevailing wisdom.

It is quite difficult to integrate the discovery of anomalies into the knowledge systems that have vigorously established their impossibility.

This is an especially embarrassing prospect with regard to the sciences which have somewhat of a vested interest in being correct so as to justify the funds pumped into them.

So, as might be anticipated, the scientific solution to anomalies is to cover them up on the one hand, and on the other to prevent their implications from dribbling down into broader interest and appreciation.

The scientific disinterest in anomalies works quite neatly for the purposes, for example, of elitist spin doctors who are interested in secrecy and want to manage certain kinds of information away from public cognizance.

Here, it is useful to emphasize that an anomaly is not a mere speculation, but something that has been shown to exist.

It is easy enough to comprehend that if there are very good reasons to ensure and to continue to ensure that the Moon is a dead, dry, desolate, NATURAL satellite, then the dribbling down of Moon anomaly factoids that more or less suggest otherwise really would need to be covered up.

Thus, one can expect to find at least tacit cooperation between the sciences (which are embarrassed by anomalies) and secretive enclaves (which desire to keep the anomaly implications from public cognizance).

Since the science systems and the secretive systems reinforce each other along these lines, it is difficult to grasp the end of the thread that might help unravel the resulting cover-ups.

It is now helpful to reprise the main structure of the cover-up confusions.

Between 1957 to roughly the present, the official descriptions of the Moon underwent hardly any change. Meanwhile, beginning in 1961, the Moon was subjected to the most extensive and most expensive technological effort in history.

Most official sources published after, say, 1975, indicated that the technological effort provided "increasing amounts of data"—AFTER WHICH, the official descriptions remained roughly the same as in 1957.

Anyone who has an interest in tracking the existence of anomalies will realize that most of them have rather amusing factors that go along with them.

This is certainly the case in the amusing matter of Earth rocks and Moon rocks. It is scientifically accepted today that Earth and accompanying Moon are as old as the solar system, whose age is dated back to 4.5 billion years.

Due to admittedly wonderful scientific advances, the age of rocks can scientifically be dated by examining tracks burned into them by cosmic rays.

By this technique of measuring, the oldest Earth rocks found so far date only to 3.5 billion years ago.

The Moon missions returned some 900 pounds of rocks and soil samples. From these, a curious factoid was ultimately revealed in 1973: some of the Moon rocks dated back to 5.3 billion years ago.

Thus, between Earth and Moon, this factoid leaves an amusing discrepancy of some 2 billion years, with the errant Moon rocks existing some 1 billion or so years before the solar system was formed.

Then there is the matter of the Moon dust in which the errant Moon rocks were found. The dust proved to be a billion years older than the rocks themselves.

If one is INTERESTED in this kind of situation, here is a conundrum of no small magnitude—in that one has to wonder about two possibilities:

1. where the rocks and dust came from; or,

2. where the Moon was BEFORE our lovely solar system was formed, and HOW the Moon got to the solar system and into such a comfortable orbit around Earth.

As will be mentioned ahead, in spite of the now abundant data, the fundamental anomalies of Moon geology remain somewhat confusing.

Generally speaking, the Moon has three distinct layers of rock, all three

combined reaching down to a depth of 150 miles.

If the Moon and Earth were formed at the same time, then the material composition of the layers of both should somewhat match. However, iron is abundant regarding the Earth, but quite rare on the Moon.

As the writer, Earl Ubell, noted (in *The New York Times Magazine* of April 16, 1972), the differences suggest that Earth and Moon came into being far from each other, and presumably under different formative circumstances.

The important significance of Ubell's published consideration is that the anomalous differences were established and accepted scientifically; otherwise they would not have been published in the venerable newspaper.

This anomaly confuses conventional astrophysicists with regard to explaining exactly how the Moon became a satellite of Earth—and so there has not been much mention of this upsetting factoid since 1972.

The sum of all these factoids seems to add up as: that Moon and Earth were formed neither at the same time nor in the same place, meaning that the Moon "came" from somewhere else.

Moving on from rocks, the Moon's mean density is 3.34 grams per cubic centimeter—as contrasted to the Earth's mean density of 5.5 grams per cubic centimeter.

The meaning of this is a little difficult to grasp, so I'll try to simplify. If Moon and Earth were formed at the same time, and of relatively the same materials, then their mean densities should be somewhat similar.

Furthermore, the differences in the mean density imply that the Moon probably has no solid core, as does Earth, and it is the absence of the core which accounts for the density differences.

If this prospect is pursued to its logical conclusion, then the deep interior of the Moon is along the lines of being hollow.

CHAPTER 15

A NATURAL SATELLITE CANNOT BE HOLLOW

The probability that the lunar satellite was NOT solid was first mentioned in 1962, and was of course immediately challenged as being based in "faulty data."

So several new studies were undertaken. But these new studies ended up with much the same result.

Finally, Dr. Sean C. Solomon of MIT reported (in *Astro*nautics, February 1962) that "The Lunar Orbiter experiments vastly improved our knowledge of the moon's gravitational field indicating the frightening possibility that the moon might be hollow."

Frightening? What, indeed, is the significance of that word?

The significance was mentioned by no less a figure than the late and great astronomer Carl Sagan in his book *Intelligent Life in the Universe* (1966).

According to Dr. Sagan, who surely would have known what he was talking about, "A natural satellite cannot be a hollow object."

For clarity here, a hollow satellite cannot be a natural satellite. But a hollow satellite could be an artificial satellite.

"Artificial" means made or constructed.

It is suitable to recall here that the decision to put a man on the Moon manifested as the 1961 Apollo program.

The decision at that point would have been based on all earlier available information about the Moon.

By 1962-1963, this information would have included the confirmed possibility that the Moon was either hollow, or at least contained significant "negative mascons."

"Negative mascons" translates as large areas inside the Moon where there is either matter much less dense than the rest of the Moon, or empty cavities much larger and deeper than Earthside Mammoth Caves, *etc.*

But, squarely stated, this unquestionably means that the Soviets and the Americans fully anticipated arriving at the Moon which was already known to be more or less hollow. By extension, it was therefore KNOWN to be a satellite NOT of natural origin.

It would have also been clear that the two Earthside superpowers fully expected to utilize the lunar cavities as opportunistic Moonbase habitation.

This "plan," however, seems not to have been fulfilled. One is forced to wonder WHY. It certainly seems an easy enough project, all NORMAL things considered.

Additional and more dramatic confirmation, of the hollow Moon possibility came in November, 1969, when the crew of Apollo 12 sent the ascent stage of their lift-off module crashing back to the lunar surface.

The impact caused an artificial Moonquake.

Ultra-sensitive seismic equipment installed on the Moon's surface recorded that the entire Moon reverberated like a bell for nearly an hour.

As one scientist (among a number of others) indicated, he would rather "not make an interpretation right now."

The evaded "interpretation" could only have been that the Moon was ringing like a bell, and that like a bell it was significantly hollow—not merely having a few negative mascons.

Later, other significant experiments were undertaken to determine whether the Moon was hollow or not.

The important aspect of these later experiments is that their results have NOT been made public.

It does not take all that much intuition to conclude that the Moon is hollow, or something along those lines.

What is not really understood, very broadly at least, is that this factoid was officially known at least by the late 1950s.

As Carl Sagan indicated, if a natural Moon satellite cannot be hollow, then the Moon is NOT a natural satellite.

Even though this phenomenon was amazing, it seems that it could have been taken in stride and that the two superpowers would have proceeded to colonize and to inhabit the Moon's cavities.

It is now publicly known that great plans WERE prepared for Moonbases, which included installing Moonbased missile defense/attack systems.

Yet, this great scheme to colonize and inhabit the Moon did NOT take place. Since this kind of thing would have been cheaper than trying to build a Skylab, one is stimulated to wonder why.

We must leave this wonderment open for a while, but only to avoid becoming mired in mere speculation. There are additional anomalies that will help to avoid speculative conundrums. To enter into the additional anomalies, we first have to examine the matter of telescopes and high resolution photos.

CHAPTER 16

THE "MISSING" HIGH-RESOLUTION EVIDENCE REGARDING THE MOON

The multiple factors of this chapter altogether represent one of those quagmires one can unsuspectingly get sucked into with regard to the topics of this book. So it is perhaps the better part of valor here to simply state what this chapter expands upon.

High-resolution evidence of the Moon showing small details of its surface can be acquired only by very expensive and sensitive equipment. Because of its costs, none of this equipment is affordable at the public level. The equipment does exist, but it is under official control.

It is abundantly clear that high-resolution evidence about the Moon has been acquired officially, but none of it has been provided to the public.

Instead, the official sources continue to release only low-resolution evidence, none of which shows smaller details of the lunar surface.

The low-resolution evidence is apparently in keeping with the Dead Moon Dictum—while it is almost certain that high-resolution evidence would present an entirely different understanding of the Moon.

The details of all of this are not without their interest, since one of the principal conclusions to be made from them is that the official Earthside cover-up of Spaceside activity (obviously going on) could NOT be maintained if high-resolution evidence of the Moon was released.

To get into the details, the concept that the Moon is a dead, airless satellite has been widely established, but only because all of the AVAILABLE hard evidence is accepted as confirming it.

The hard evidence exists in two forms: what can be seen through telescopes; and what can be identified from photographs acquired by space vehicles orbiting or landing on the lunar surface.

The AVAILABLE low-resolution evidence is so massive and so evidential that altogether it represents a form of logical certitude that gives an unquestioned basis to the accepted logic of the dead Moon idea.

It is always quite difficult to inquire into matters that have achieved strong degrees of logical certitude. There is a particular reason for this, albeit one not usually recognized.

The reason is that anything that conflicts with the established logical certitude is automatically taken to be illogical, and is ultimately treated in a "can't be" way. Thus, anything along these lines is fraught with difficulties—because what is at stake is no longer only the evidence per se, but the logical certitude derived from it.

As many sociologists have observed, this is almost the same as saying that conflicting evidence will NOT be admitted as evidence, and will be stigmatized as illogical—especially if there is an official advantage in doing so.

It is therefore quite surprising to discover that the overall situation regarding the Moon constitutes a clear-cut example of this kind of quagmire. "Clear cut" because there are TWO kinds of EVIDENCE.

The first can be referred to as low-resolution (logical) evidence, the second as high-resolution (illogical) evidence. The important distinctions between the two are not all that hard to sort out.

Ever since telescopes were developed in the early seventeenth century (during the time of Galileo), there has been much enthusiasm for developing increasingly refined equipment to make visible on the Moon what is invisible to the unaided human eye.

Earthsiders can of course see the Moon with their eyes. And on a clear night Earthside eyes can even vaguely resolve the outlines of some of the larger lunar geography. But one needs telescopes of higher magnification to clearly see more detail—to see smaller and smaller aspects of the lunar surface.

Roughly speaking, higher magnification equates to higher resolution, and which renders visible smaller and smaller things. And with this in mind, we now come upon the matter of Earthside equipment the capabilities of which MIGHT make visible small details of the lunar surface.

As everyone knows, a lot of photographs of the Moon have come into existence, especially with the advent of the Space Age and the initial Earthside intents to colonize it. Some of the earlier photos were achieved via telescopes, but later ones by cameras aboard lunar craft.

One can examine these numerous photographs, and see the Moon—see its "dead" surface all pockmarked with craters and barren deserts called Seas. Many photos show rills, valleys, canyons, mountains, things that stick up and cast long shadows, and large and small "domes" (which sometimes appear and disappear.)

And most people are content in seeing the Moon via such photos, for THERE indeed IS the Moonscape almost exactly as it logically conforms to the Dead Moon Dictum.

If, however, one introduces the question of what can be seen of the Moon via WHAT EQUIPMENT, one slowly but surely will become involved in officially-

endorsed information distortions that smell of some kind of fortuitous cover-up.

This odiferous issue revolves around the distinction between high-resolution and low-resolution evidence regarding the Moon—coupled with the fact that all officially available photo-visual evidence of the lunar surface is consistently of rather low-resolution.

That this should NOT be the case is abundantly clear. Prior to the 1950s, most Earthside telescopes had a resolution of only about one to two miles—which meant that something the width of a mile would be seen as something not much larger than a dot.

But during the 1950s and early 1960s a number of scientific and popular science sources referred to higher-resolution telescopes under development—telescopes so sensitive that one would be able to identify a basketball or a dime on the Moon.

There can be no doubt that such telescopes were developed.

To help ensure clarity, it is useful to summarize what high-resolution might consist of—either via telescopic or camera equipment. After all, through the years the lunar surface has been viewed via both.

As but one example of HIGH-RESOLUTION, various media sources have referred to the existence of the so-called Spy-In-The-Sky satellites.

These are said to carry different types of "monitoring equipment," some of which are cameras so sensitive and of such high resolution that they can zoom in and read auto license plates and bubble-gum wrappers in gutters.

To complete the picture here, it is meaningful to consider the elevation from which this high resolution can be achieved. Earth-orbiting satellites have to be higher than 200 miles, because if not then atmospheric drag will slow them down and cause them to fall back to Earth.

Thus, there are satellites orbiting Earth at elevations between 400 miles to 22,000 miles. The exact orbits of SkySpy satellites are closely guarded secrets. But any reading of bubble-gum wrappers from above 200 miles is marvelous, of course, and a definite kudo for science and technology.

The Moon has a mean distance from Earth of about 238,857 miles. Across that distance, lunar features can be somewhat magnified by average telescopes commercially available to amateur observers.

Astronomy magazines and catalogs advertise what kinds of telescopes are commercially available and affordable. These range from 3-inch to 14-inch telescopes, but much will depend on whatever resolution factors are built into them.

Generally speaking, however, only very large lunar features will come into resolution (or into focus), but smaller features will not, all depending on the

equipment involved. Something the size of a large baseball stadium may or may not be seen, but if so would look like a dot. Something also depends on Earthside viewing conditions, such as air clarity, lack of smog, clouds or light pollution, and so forth.

Beyond the public capability, however, most of the sources I've consulted indicate that high-resolution telescopes WERE secretly utilized at the beginning of the Space Age in the late 1950s. The telescopes usually referred to are those of the Naval Observatory and Mt. Wilson, and Mt. Palomar.

The large 200-inch reflecting telescope at Hale Observatories at Mt. Palomar became operational in 1948. But prior to that, Mt. Palomar also possessed 40-inch, 100-inch and 150-inch telescopes. The 120-inch telescope at Lick Observatory became operational in 1959. (The largest commercially available telescope is about 8-inches to 14-inches.)

It may be true that the large reflector telescopes might be a bit unwieldy regarding the closeness of the Moon. But the suggestive situation here is that if one was planning to go to the Moon, and if one had these government-funded, large telescopes at hand, would not one try to utilize them to spy on the Moon in order to anticipate what would be encountered there?

It is quite well known that "secret government" work has gone on at both of these and other esteemed observatories and without doubt at others as well. And it requires no great leap to understand that inspection of the Moon would certainly have taken place by any and all means possible.

Thus, there can be no question at all that at least some of the much higher-resolution telescopes were utilized to espy the Moon.

Indeed, if Moon gazing via these larger telescopes was not undertaken, then the failure to do so is so gross as to bring the concept of human intelligence into question. As it has turned out, though, between 1948 and the present no high-resolution information has been released.

With regard to cameras, this of course refers to television apparatus sent to the Moon aboard spacecraft. But once at the Moon, cameras themselves have different resolution capabilities, depending on their focal length and depth and how distant or close they are to the lunar surface–-or to what is being photographed.

There are different technical definitions for high and low-resolution. A general understanding, however, is that low-resolution does not make smaller things visible, and that high-resolution does.

Now we come to the quagmire situation that rotates around three factors: (1) high-resolution equipment; (2) the Moon; (3) the complete absence of high-resolution evidence regarding the lunar surface.

The situation is further complicated by two additional factors. High-resolution equipment is very expensive, and thus is always under some sort of official control. Many private individuals, however, have quite good telescope equipment. Although their equipment is of lower resolution, many of these individuals have none the less identified rather remarkable structures and activity on the Moon.

However, these individuals (world-wide) are outside of the official network, and so their evidence can be disposed of as being illogical or imaginary in nature.

As a result, a quite active subculture, replete with its literature and photographs, has emerged involving the latter, especially in Japan, where fascinating books and TV shows have been produced.

Even a cursory examination of the works of this subculture indicate that there is "stuff' on the Moon that really needs higher-resolution backup. But this is the stuff whose existence is officially denied—while at the same time only official sources have the money and power to achieve high-resolution evidence.

A principle question emerges from this turgid situation. Considering the technological advances of the Space Age, SHOULD higher-resolution evidence of the Moon have been acquired?

This question can be reversed with equal efficiency. Has higher-resolution evidence of the lunar surface NOT been acquired?

Whatever the answers might be, one thing is certain. With one exception, hardly anything even near high-resolution evidence of the lunar surface has ever been made available to the public. The exception consists of few early cases where official lunar photographs were released BEFORE officialdom realized they did contain details unfortunate to the dead, uninhabited Moon Dictum.

To be sure, those released photos were NOT of very high resolution quality, but even so they did reveal "unusual" phenomena to the perceptive eye common to experienced photo analysts.

And one individual who seems to have such an eye was George Leonard (already mentioned in chapter 6), and who produced, in 1976, a hardback book entitled *Somebody Else Is on the Moon: What NASA Knows But Won't Divulge!*

Leonard acquired official NASA photos and submitted them to a refined analysis. What was not being divulged, according to Leonard, was that a "a highly advanced underground civilization" was working the surface of the Moon, and was busily engaged in mining, manufacturing, communicating, and "improving" the lunar surface.

Leonard's book reflected careful reasoning and respectable logic, and was substantiated with thirty-five photographs released from NASA. There was a list

of them at the beginning of the book, and their NASA photo numbers were identified.

Based upon the photographs, Leonard detected a rather large array of artificial lunar activity going on, and which, if truly existing, could only be attributed to some kind of ET intelligence.

In addition to the photos, the book was supported by a fair amount of NASA and other scientific documents, and by transcripts of conversation between the astronauts and Houston.

Even though there are low-resolution difficulties with Leonard's book, it has quite a bit in common with any number of amateur and professional Moon watchers before and after him (the subculture already mentioned), who have fortuitously stumbled across unusual and surprising lunar phenomena and activity.

Although individuals in several countries (Japan, the United States, England, and South Africa) independently have made contributions along these lines, evidence for lunar structures and artificial activity remains hampered by the lack of higher-resolution evidence.

What has been needed all along (and still is), of course, are photos of higher resolution. Back in the late 1970s, those interested in this matter assumed that such higher-resolution evidence would soon be forthcoming—largely because it was unthinkable that they had NOT been acquired by the many lunar Flybys, Orbiters, Landers, and manned missions, and which altogether returned some 140,000 lunar photos.

This evidence is nowhere forthcoming. Instead, the public has consistently been provided only with photos of low resolution. Over time, such photos have been released several times to different individuals.

When later versions were compared with the earlier same versions, certain photographed areas showed dissimilarities—as to suggest evidence of retouching and the elimination of factors too revealing. Also many official photos seem rather conveniently to have been cropped just shy of suggestive areas.

Additionally, Orbiter photos of certain areas have never been released—such as those areas around Mare Crisium and the craters of Plato and Aristarcus where activity suggestive of "inhabitation" is known to take place.

All things considered, the availability of high-resolution evidence regarding the Moon continues to be absent. The absence, once understood for what it suggests, begins to ring rather like thunder.

Even so, the absence continues in, for example, the form of the spy satellite, Clementine, launched by the U.S. Army in January 1994 from Vandenburg Air Force Base. According to many media reports, Clementine was equipped with

various kinds of high-resolution cameras, including infrared and ultraviolet equipment.

Clementine's mission was successful, and the world awaited higher-resolution looks at the Moon via Clementine's sophisticated equipment.

The world awaited in vain—and thus we don't know what kind of bubble-gum wrappers are on the Moon. And so we will now turn our attention to the topic of what are referred to as "lunar anomalies."

By way of reference, one William H. Corliss set up an activity in 1974 called The Sourcebook Project with the goal of compiling "strange phenomena." In 1985, he published a substantial compilation entitled *The Moon and the Planets: A Catalog of Astronomical Anomalies*, which included 108 pages descriptive of Moon anomalies.

In this compendium, Corliss broke down the anomalies into eight major categories:

–The Moon's orbital anomalies.
–Lunar geology problems.
–Lunar luminous phenomena.
–The motion of lunar satellites.
–Anomalous telescopic and visual observations
–Lunar "weather."
–Lunar eclipse and occultation phenomena.
–The enigma of lunar magnetism.

Most of the categories listed above can be further subdivided. For example, lunar weather implies the existence on the Moon of an atmosphere. Lunar luminous phenomena includes anomalies referred to as lunar transient phenomena (LTP)—lights that come and go, and move around, and to green patches suggestive of vegetation, *etc.*

CHAPTER 17

THE MATTER OF LUNAR LIGHTS

In briefly turning to the matter of lights on the Moon, we encounter a situation that, simply put, is absolutely hilarious.

To get into this, the compendium by William H. Corliss entitled *The Moon and the Planets* has been referred to in the preceding chapter. This compendium contains a section entitled "Lunar Luminous Phenomena," and begins with a brief Introduction.

In it Corliss points out that while the Moon has long been considered to be a "dead world," it nonetheless "exhibits a surprising variety of luminous phenomena."

He goes on to briefly discuss the Dead Moon Dictum long held by scientists, and indicates "that luminous phenomena were seldom reported in the scientific literature" because "they couldn't exist" according to that scientific Dictum.

Corliss then points up that the "arrival of the Space Age brought the moon under detailed scrutiny; and both professional and amateur astronomers began reporting flashes of light, transient color phenomena…" and so forth.

To begin making the point of this chapter, it is necessary to elucidate the fact that the lunar light phenomena are NOT rare. They number in the thousands and some of them have been so robust as to have been observed by the naked eye.

Well, the arrival of the Space Age and the arrival in the vicinity of the Moon by Orbiters and later by manned Apollo missions ought to have brought further enlightenment about the nature of lunar light phenomena—especially those which have been reported as having motion and as moving about in definite ways.

Yet, the official silence since 1968 until today has been thunderous on this particular matter.

The year 1968 seems to have some kind of relevancy to all the matters discussed so far in this section.

What that relevancy consists of, however, is hard to pin down. But that there is some kind of important tale in this regard can be clearly demonstrated.

The history of observations of lights on the Moon is rather long and, throughout it, accounts of the luminous phenomena were consistently logged in.

In large part, the accounts were ignored by various branches of the developing

sciences.

But even so, up until the advent of the Space Age the luminosities could continue to be seen at rather frequent intervals.

Now, if one intended to colonize the Moon, which was publicized as the primary first goal of the Space Age, one certainly would like to know more about the lunar lights even if the mainstream sciences ignored them by clinging to the Dead Moon Dictum.

This factor really does need to be emphasized, because it IS a factor that has consistently been made invisible. If you were planning to send manned spacecraft to the Moon with the intention of building Moonbases, and if there were thousands of reports of sometimes awesome Moonlights, wouldn't you want to have some idea of what they were BEFORE sending your guys to the Moon?

At the very least, the larger telescopes might in some manner have been pressed into service. To think that something along those lines was NOT undertaken is just plain silly.

That the Space Age decision-makers were aware from the get-go of the lights was clearly established by NASA itself.

In 1968, a document was published entitled *Chronological Catalog of Reported Lunar Events (NASA Technical Report R-277)*

The catalog documented 579 lunar events between 1540 and 1967, about 75 per cent of which referred to lunar "luminous phenomena." The remaining 25 per cent referred to phenomena consisting of Moon hazes, mists, fogs and clouds that sometimes obstructed good telescope viewing of the lights, unless the lights moved beyond the foggy obscurations.

The authorship of the report was attributed to the joint efforts of four researchers, one each from the University of Arizona, the Goddard Space Flight Center, the Armagh Planetarium, and the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory.

Here it should be remembered that an "event" is actually a happening—i.e., something going on—in this case, going on with regard to the Dead Moon where "events" are not supposed to happen.

As indicated in its Introduction, "The purpose of this catalog is to provide a listing of historical and modern records that may be useful in investigations of possible activity on the moon."

A few lines later it states that "The catalog contains all information available to us through October 1967."

While this may be true as far as the document's four authors are concerned, the catalog most certainly DOES NOT contain all available information. Even

after subtracting hundreds of reports known to be spurious, many more than 2,600 or so events rather than 579 events might have been included with complete justification.

For example, during the latter part of the nineteenth century, the Royal Astronomical Society in Britain recorded 1,600 lunar events over a mere two-year period by utilizing a 13-inch at the Royal Observatory at Greenwich.

So, the NASA catalog DID NOT contain all available information, but merely a selection of certain types of events from among it. In this sense, the NASA catalog contained data sifted from a great quantity of it.

The Introduction to the catalog also contains a section titled "Reports Omitted from the Catalog."

The first paragraph begins with the sentence "We attempted to eliminate all doubtful reports from this catalog." This presumes that the authors DID inspect a larger number of reports.

However, the first paragraph ends with the sentence "Careless reporting has been discovered in one case only." (This is identified as involving one "John Hammes and friends" of Iowa who reported seeing a lunar "volcano" on 12 November, 1878.)

If these two conflicting sentences contained in the same paragraph of the catalog seem at odds, it is because they ARE at odds.

One can only wonder why the NASA catalog was limited to only 579 events. And if this is considered, one might wish to wonder what kinds of historically documented reports WERE OMITTED from the NASA catalog.

Since the NASA catalog DID NOT include vast numbers of quite authentic lunar-event reports that could, even should have been included, the stated purpose of the catalog can be called into question. Certainly, the whole lunar truth, so to speak, is not reflected by the mere 579 events contained in the catalog.

And that leads us back to the subject of telescopes. The ordinary person with proper interest and some spare bucks can shop around for a very good 6-inch to 16-inch telescope which are commercially available.

Such a telescope can offer good information, provided Earth's atmosphere does not blur things too much, and that other night conditions are reasonably ideal.

If one now takes this particular factoid and compares it with the 597 lunar events listed in the 1968 NASA catalog, then it is revealed that the catalog contains not much more than those events that can be espied via an 8-inch, or at most a 16-inch telescope.

THIS particular factor is NOT mentioned in the introductory materials to the

NASA catalog. The catalog thus seems to have the rather strange function of dealing only with lunar anomalies that can be seen from Earthside by smaller telescopes.

In any event, the publication in 1968 by NASA of the catalog of lunar events could easily lead one to expect that there would be a follow on document AFTER the Moon was thoroughly examined up close by Orbiters and manned landings.

Certain craters on the Moon are rather notable for profusions of lights, and other anomalous phenomena as well.

Among these, and as duly noted in the NASA catalog, major among the craters exhibiting various kinds of lights are Plato, Aristarcus and Timocharis, to identify but a few.

Plato is famous for lights. It is about sixty miles across and has a floor that changes color. Its walls are quite high, but sometimes obscured by fogs and mists that bellow up and over them.

Many of the self-luminous "objects" are seen to move about. Others of them form geometric patterns, such as circles, squares, and triangles.

Sometimes lights have been seen emerging from smaller or near-by craters and moving to Plato, then descending the crater walls. In 1966, there were numerous reddish glowing spots shining out from Plato.

Beams and long-distance rays of light have also been observed. Space here does not permit further enumeration, and the interested reader might consult the bibliography for more detailed reading.

There is one other situation that should be noted. It regards where the Moon lights are most profuse and constantly reported versus where the manned Apollo missions landed.

If it were up to me, I'd probably set down one Apollo craft square into the middle of crater Plato. After all, it is sixty miles wide, and there appears to be a lot going on in it.

As it was to turn out, none of the American or Soviet spacecraft sent to the Moon landed anywhere near those special Moon locations.

Instead, all the landers were sat down in areas near the lunar Equator and into environments not noted for much except their lack of lunar activity.

The observation above of course can only refer to craft publicly admitted as having been sent to the Moon.

CHAPTER 18

LUNAR WATER-LUNAR ATMOSPHERE

During the spring of 1998, scientists announced their surprise at discovering water on the Moon. The news was spread far and wide not only in all major print media, but throughout the electronic bytes of the Internet.

However, as anyone familiar with the long history of Moon observations will realize, the 1998 discovery was not a discovery, but a very tardy admission of what had most certainly been known decades ago by official insiders.

One of the subtle importances of this is that where water is, an atmosphere can't be far behind. And where atmosphere is, sufficient gravity must be present to hold it down.

We are now somewhat far from the Dead Moon Dictum, which itself might be said to be dead.

But from the point of view of examining the dimensions of the lunar cover-up, it is worthwhile reprising certain aspects of the Dead Moon charade officially promulgated and maintained for so long.

As announced back in 1961, the major Space Age goal was to get to the Moon and colonize it for the purposes of erecting Moonbases as a step toward penetrating deeper into outer space. This obviously was a scientific and military goal.

Another major goal (now completely forgotten) consisted of economic opportunism. The Moon probably had useful resources that could be mined for the benefits of Earthside capitalistic ventures.

These two major goals were impressive ones that could, and did, arouse much enthusiasm for the lunar objectives, and which were extraordinarily costly.

Another factor needs to be considered. Once having gotten to the Moon, the conditions of habitat would be important.

It seems logical to assume that any lunar factor that might help ease lunar habitat problems would have officially been emphasized—in order, at least, to further increase the enthusiasm of taxpayers who were the ones actually funding the costly lunar expeditions.

For example, the lunar water "discovered" in 1998 was certainly present back in 1961 at the start of the lunar expeditions. The undeniable presence of the lunar atmosphere had been discovered, and confirmed, several decades before the

advent of the lunar expeditions.

Indeed, beginning in the late nineteenth century, there came into existence a continuity of very competent observations about the Moon that clearly indicated any number of helpful lunar conditions that would ease the ultimate habitat concerns.

Simply put, water, atmosphere, voluminous caves (i.e., the negative mascons) to reside in, minerals, *etc.* What could be more wonderful with regard to resolving at least some of the lunar habitat problems?

Beyond all this, then, and considering the excellence of human genius and ingenuity, the only remaining REAL problem, if there WAS one, would consist of what might be called "occupational hazards" of a kind Earthside genius and ingenuity might have REAL problems dealing with.

There now remain two additional factors to be carried in mind.

First of all, with the advent in 1961 of the active measures segment of the lunar expeditions, the official stance regarding the Moon elected to reinforce the negative Dead Moon Dictum.

Doing so broke the continuity of earlier observations about the Moon, observations that positively foreshadowed relatively easy colonization overtures.

Second, the lunar fly-bys, Orbiters, Landers and manned Apollo landings lasted approximately eleven years—after which the two great Earthside superpowers, the United States and the Soviet Union, completely abandoned treks to the lunar satellite.

After this abandonment, official propagandizing sought to stimulate scientific and public enthusiasm for the proposed wonders of space stations that were to orbit Earth, not the Moon.

All things considered, it is possible that the combined genius and ingenuity of the two superpowers encountered certain lunar occupational hazards that were difficult to deal with— deterrents which must have been of such impressive quality that they disrupted the best laid plans for the projected lunar conquests.

So, the two superpowers, technically still in Cold War with each other, decided to cooperate, of all things, on building an Earth-orbiting space station.

Whatever the combined and undoubtedly enormous costs of this particular effort, orbiting space stations will always be quite fragile as compared with Moonbases—and which might have been routinely achieved by the early 1980s.

In order to help construct some kind of format regarding the lunar cover-up, we can benefit from backtracking to the beginning of the twentieth century to W. H. Pickering, a Harvard professor and an accepted authority on the Moon.

As he noted in his highly professional book *The Moon* (1903), the view that the Moon is a dead unchanging world is so widespread and firmly rooted in

minds that not only the general public, but the astronomical world as well, are united in this unanimous opinion.

He goes on to state that the unanimous opinion is based on the most inadequate negative evidence.

He refers to hundreds (or thousands) of telescopically observed Moon changes, and indicates that the only plausible explanations of the changes is that they involve the presence of air and water.

He then went on to identify a situation that most are not aware of, and which involves selenographers—those who scientifically study the physical features of the Moon.

"The arguments on the two sides of the case are extremely simple. The astronomers who are not selenographers declare that there is no atmosphere or water on the Moon, and that, therefore, changes are impossible. The selenographers' reply is simply that they have seen the changes take place."

However, in spite of many great selenographers, the Moon thereafter officially remained without atmosphere for about ten decades—even though two noted and competent astronomers published evidence to the contrary. Both astronomers were able to conclusively document the existence of the lunar atmosphere based on 150 years of scientific records and telescopic studies.

One of those astronomers was M. K. Jessup, who had taught astronomy and mathematics at the University of Michigan, and went on to build the largest refracting telescope in the southern hemisphere.

His book about the Moon was published in 1957 (please note the date) under the title, believe it or not, *The Expanding Case for the UFO*—and which presumably got him in deep dodo with several layers of Earthside cryptocracy.

The other courageous writer was V. A. Firsoff who was acknowledged at the time to be the top scientist and authority on the Moon. His 1959 book (please note the date) was entitled *Strange World of the Moon.*

Both of these books presented evidence (not easy to contradict scientifically) of a lunar atmosphere and the high probability of regional water and vegetation.

The only real result of these two books was that they were quickly caused to be out of print, etc., and became hard to locate as they still are today.

The existence of the atmosphere, however, could be determined by the way stars are "occulted" when the Moon passes over them.

If the Moon had no atmosphere, they would simply vanish instantaneously as the lunar body moved in front of them. However, if there is a gaseous layer, an atmosphere, then the stars begin to flicker before they pass behind the Moon.

Stars flicker as they become occulted by the Moon—leading to the general conclusion that the lunar atmosphere is about three miles thick, and more dense

near the lunar surface. The lunar atmosphere also provides sufficient friction for "flashes" as small meteors become incandescent upon passing through it.

When the first manned mission (Apollo 11) landed, the astronauts planted a flag and filmed this triumphant event.

Shortly after the astronauts planted the flag, and while the on-site TV camera was running, an errant gust of wind came along and billowed the flag outward.

William Brian, author of *Moongate: Suppressed Findings of the US. Space Program* (1982), obtained a copy of the film. It showed that the astronauts were not close to the flag when it started waving. Being nearer the camera, both ran to block its lens with their arms and hands.

NASA could not be encouraged to comment. But when flags were thereafter planted on the Moon, they were rigged with wires and mesh so that they stayed rigid at all times. This incident was ultimately forgotten. But wind needs the presence of atmosphere in order to blow flags this way and that.

The presence of an atmosphere on the Moon "permitted" the real existence of the lunar mists, fogs and clouds which many hundreds of viewers began to notice after about 1733 (when proper telescopes began to be invented.)

The nineteenth century was particularly rich regarding lunar atmospheric phenomena when the art of building large refracting telescopes reached a zenith benchmark.

In any event, all lunar phenomena that couldn't be fitted into the dead Moon dictum were excluded from mainstream scientific workings. With the dawn of the Space Age, however, something along the lines of a governmental space agency was required.

In the United States, this need evolved into the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) which came into official existence on October 1, 1958.

In official literature, NASA is described as a civilian agency of the U. S. Federal government with the mission of conducting research and developing operational programs in space exploration, satellites and rocketry.

One of the first major objectives of NASA's space exploration mandate was in two parts: (1) to get to the Dead Moon; and (2) to take possession of it and colonize it with Moonbases before the fearsome Soviets did.

Now, this Dead Airless Moon target was the same Moon that was KNOWN by 1958 to have mists, fogs and clouds. Mists, fogs and clouds clearly refer to some kind of lunar weather, even if it is not akin to Earthside weather.

It thus needs to be emphasized that before 1958, thousands of historical reports existed regarding lunar anomalies (including weather phenomena.)

The sum of these thousands of reports clearly established that the Moon was

NOT dead and deprived of activity.

It is, of course, quite ridiculous to think that NASA personnel did not examine in excruciating detail this mass of historical reports.

As it was, the existence of a "weak" lunar atmosphere was finally "discovered" in 1997. But there was little commentary about what the atmosphere permitted—such as the vegetation here and there on the lunar surface, to say nothing of the clouds, *etc.*

CHAPTER 19

MOON-STYLE OCCUPATIONAL HAZARDS

It is to be expected that layers of secrecy might be employed regarding lunar matters in order to gain military or economic advantages. After all, it is rather a permanent aspect of human nature to secretly strive for advantages in both arenas.

An analysis of the official secrecy regarding the Moon reveals that over decades covert methods were employed to hide the existence of lunar water, atmosphere and several other ameliorative phenomena made possible by them.

One of these additional phenomena is that seeds sprout and grow quite well in lunar soil which is rich in nutrients. This indicates the possibility that lunar colonizers from Earthside might somehow grow their own food supplies on the Moon.

All of these are benign phenomena, suggestive of easier habitat factors than if the lunar satellite WAS actually dead, dry, airless, and formidable.

In this regard, several unofficial sources have been undertaken to assess these lunar conditions outside of the officially maintained cover-up.

Fred Steckling and Daniel K. Ross (see bibliography) have provided logical and well-reasoned analyses based on official lunar photos. Their estimates more or less conclude that dwelling on the Moon would resemble dwelling in the higher Andes or Himalayan mountains, but that healthy and vibrant Earthsiders would acclimate quite well to such conditions.

In a push, natives born in the high Andes or in Tibet could be recruited for Moon habitation and trained for military or economic purposes.

What an analysis of the official secrecy thus reveals is that the secrecy was never really necessary in the first place—if only the elements discussed above were involved.

Indeed, those benign elements would have benefited the Moon missions if they had been publicly disclosed. For one thing, venture capitalists certainly would have invested in stratospheric funding.

Coming directly to the point, the cover-up secrecy does not itself reveal why the two Earthside superpowers abandoned the Moon after having instituted such a vigorous, costly and highly publicized start to get there.

On October 12, 1954, about six years before President Kennedy announced

the great American effort to place a man on the Moon, an astronomer was utilizing the telescope at the Edinburgh Observatory to examine the Moon.

He was able to observe "a dark sphere travel in a straight line from the crater Tycho to the crater Aristarchus"both of these craters otherwise demonstrating numerous light phenomena of one kind or another.

The distance covered by the sphere took "a period of twenty minutes, and this roughly calculated to a speed of nearly 6,000 miles per hour."

In September of the same year, a similar object had been sighted by two men using a 6-inch telescope. For over forty minutes they watched it leave the northern area of Mare Humboldtianum and move upward out of the lunar atmosphere into space.

It is important here to recall that small-scale telescopic resolution requires lunar objects to be very large scale in order to be perceived. The spherical objects must have been quite large, say about one to four or five miles in dimension.

Indeed, many reports of "anomalous black bodies" crossing the surface of the Moon are on historical record, some of them casting their shadows on the lunar surface as they expeditiously move along in what can only imply directed flight. Additionally, similar but much smaller self-glowing objects have been espied flying in formation in and out of this or that crater.

None of these objects was included among the 579 anomalous phenomena listed in NASA's 1968 *Chronological Catalog of Reported Lunar Events.*

Even so, such craft may have had something to do with why the Americans and Soviets decided to cease putting their men on the Moon, and transfer their efforts to space stations closer to Earth.

For all their dramatic excellence, manned lunar Landers must be considered as quite wimpy compared to a rather stalwart craft of about four miles wide and capable of achieving 6,000 miles per hour.

Indeed, such craft, or at least their personnel, might constitute something of a lunar occupational hazard—at least in terms of occupying the Moon.

Two NASA photos showing extraordinary crafts seem to have escaped censorship and air-brushing.

The first of these comes from Apollo 11, when, in July, 1969, its camera inadvertently captured a really neat and clear photo of a glowing, cigar-shaped object close to the lunar surface. Since the photo reveals a vapor trail, the craft must have been traveling somewhat within the lunar atmosphere. (NASA photo No. 11-37-5438.)

In July, 1972, the Hasseiblad camera of Apollo 16 recorded yet another cigar-shaped object. This object was quite large. It seems to have been somewhat

glowing white (ionizing the atmosphere directly next to it), but was close enough to the lunar surface to cast its equally elongated shadow. (NASA photo No. 16-19238.)

Even after the two Earthside superpowers did not return to the Moon, telescope enthusiasts around the world have continued to observe and document airborne vehicles traveling in proximity to the lunar surface, above its atmosphere, or departing or arriving from space.

Especially impressive in this regard are the Japanese enthusiasts who have captured telescopic TV footage of the "anomalous" phenomena, which has been viewed world-wide.

There are multitudes of reports of this kind. And interested readers should consult the bibliography for sources that review the structures more in-depth.

The bigger question is, WHAT the larger, official objective of the Earthside cover-up seems to be preoccupied with covering up.

It is apparently of such a nature as to make secretive Earthside powers think twice about colonizing the Moon, or perhaps even returning to it until things get better sorted out.

Whatever it is, it is not lunar water, atmosphere, minerals, or lights per se. Why would anyone want to cover up water on the Moon? But there might be "hazards" utilizing the water there, and the "hazards" might need to be covered up—especially if Earthside powers didn't know how to deal with them.

One possible speculation about the real nature of the cover-up is that someone on the Moon kicked Earthside ass and seems to have "suggested" that it not come back.

Any reader truly interested in the actuality of the cover-up might wish to track down a book which by now is truly rare.

It was first published in 1978 in France, then translated into English. It was written by one Maurice Chatelain, who in 1955 came to the United States from (then) French Morocco.

His book was entitled *Our Ancestors Came from Outer* Space, but it includes quite a number of factoids such as: "When Apollo 11 made the first landing on the Sea of Tranquility, and, only moments before Armstrong stepped down the ladder to set foot on the moon, two UFOs hovered overhead."

Chatelain later commented that: "The astronauts were not limited to equipment troubles. They saw things during their missions that could not be discussed with anybody outside NASA. It is very difficult to obtain any specific information from NASA, which still exercises a very strict control over any disclosure of these events."

While many have laughed, or remained mute, regarding Chatelain, he

constitutes a particular problem against which the cover-up cryptocracy can do little else than say "No comment."

For Maurice Chatelain had been placed in charge of designing and building the Apollo communication and data-processing system for NASA.

Earlier, he had been in charge of engineering new radar and communications systems for Ryan Electronics in the late 1950s. He had received eleven patents, including an automatic radar landing system used in the Ranger and Surveyor Moon flights.

In other words, Maurice Chatelain was a cryptocracy INSIDER, and to some degree at least he must have known what he was talking about.

Two more secrecy tidbits from Chatelain:

It seems that all Apollo and Gemini flights were followed… by space vehicles of extraterrestrial origin.

Rumors within NASA were that Apollo 13 carried a small nuclear charge. It was designed to be set off on the Moon for seismic testing. But the craft barely managed to return to Earth—after being disabled by a UFO that seemed intent on protecting some Moonbase "established there by extraterrestrials.

There is much more that could be said regarding the Moon. But I'll end this section with the observation that back in 1975 when Mr. Axelrod first contacted me, he knew all of this—and probably MUCH more.

PART III

EARTHSIDE TELEPATHY versus SPACESIDE TELEPATHY

CHAPTER 20

INFORMATION PACKAGES KEPT APART

It can easily be established that some kind of official cover-up regarding the Moon was put in place long ago and has been maintained all along. But the nature and dimensions of the cover-up are a lot less clear, and it is this lack of clarity that introduces confusion into the situation.

Contributing to the confusion is that when some kind of penetration into the cover-up does take place, the official organizations involved simply march on anyway, and the cover-up remains largely undisturbed.

There have been very many penetrations of this kind, with the information downloading from them ending up in books. Some of the books, of course, are somewhat over-baked or slightly hysterical. But many of them are calmly organized and quite well documented.

The revelations by Maurice Chatelain earlier referred to are but one example. Chatelain was a strategic NASA insider, and must be accepted as having been well-informed.

Many encounters with Spacesiders must therefore be accepted as factual, and those who can tolerate the implications have done so.

It is helpful along these lines to briefly turn attention away from what is being covered up, and to give some attention to how cover-ups are made to work.

Of course, the best possible kind of cover-up has to do with installing very tight secrecy around something. This can be successful, to the degree that outsiders have no awareness that anything is going on.

But the Moon cannot be surrounded within such tight secrecy—because there it is, in the sky for everyone to see.

So, the Moon itself can't be covered up. But activities on it can. This is to say that if there are lunar activities, and if the cover-up involves those activities, then the best way to institute the cover-up is to establish the Dead Moon Dictum, to give the Dictum cultural and scientific authenticity, and to teach the Dictum in schools.

Then when people look up at the Moon, there it is—and perceptions of it are surrounded in the disarming glory of the Dead Moon Dictum. Aside from an occasional light on the lunar surface, people can't see anything else.

However, some people purchase telescopes. These are not very high-

resolution telescopes, to be sure. But through them, many of them report seeing things that can't exactly be fitted into the Dead Moon Dictum.

And so the problems of managing the cover-up become a little more intricate.

In the first instance of this, however, there is an easy solution at hand. This simply consists of officially trashing those telescopic observations of the Moon that can't be fitted into the Dictum.

Thus, outsiders who purchase telescopes can see whatever they do, but this really doesn't matter because the big fists of mainstream officialdom are what count.

In the second instance of managing the cover-up, various lunar activities espied outside of official auspices can either be explained away or simply, and expediently, ignored. For example, most of the books listed in the bibliography are simply ignored—at official, mainstream levels, anyway.

Returning to the bigger picture of the lunar cover-up, if one patiently sifts through all available information, it might appear that the cover-up has only to do with natural phenomena of the Moon—with the existence of lunar atmosphere, water, vegetation, etc., however minimal those might be.

Indeed, in the face of evidence to the contrary, the existence of lunar atmosphere and water (only recently admitted as existing) were denied for a long time, while the denial itself was clearly part of the complicated cover-up.

But one might wonder WHY natural lunar phenomena needed to be covered up, or denied. Under usual circumstances, the world would have been enchanted to find that the Moon was not Dead.

Further, this wonderment needs to be compared to the intensity of the cover-up–for official denials of anything strange or surprising about the Moon have been enormous and enduring, almost in an over-kill way.

As a general rule of thumb, natural phenomena are not usually covered up (at least for very long) unless there is a very good reason for doing so. And so, many have wondered if something beyond natural lunar phenomena is the actual objective of the cover-up.

In the light of the above, cover-ups do benefit from confusions proliferated and maintained at official levels, in that the on-going efficiency of the cover-up can be maintained by proliferating the confusions.

Indeed, disinformation experts have evolved elaborate and efficient methods for concealing something by surrounding it with confusions.

One way to help maintain confusions is to keep separated various kinds of information packages that are entirely relevant and even necessary to each other.

Such information packages need to be combined, or juxtaposed, in order to make sense out of what otherwise remains a confusion that can be capitalized

upon for the delightful benefit of cover-up.

One method of digging into the nature and dimensions of a cover-up is somehow to simplify the confusions in order to see what can be seen beyond them.

This helps different information packages to become somewhat visible, or to stand out more clearly. It also helps in the process of discovering what information packages are remaining invisible or untouched, and which are not being factored into consideration.

Sometimes erecting a simple chronology of events and developments is useful along these lines. Doing so helps things fall into consecutive place.

Although some books downloading good, even provable information relevant to the cover-up contain a wealth of meaningful factoids, the whole of the downloading is none the less heaped and twisted together in such a way as to convolute the facts rather than aligning them.

The *New Columbia Encyclopedia* (Fourth Edition, 1975) has a rather nice entry for "Space Exploration," and from it I have derived the brief chronology that follows.

I have laced the chronology with certain Comments that belong with it time-wise, but which of course are not mentioned in the Encyclopedia.

The entry begins with a definition of space exploration, which consists of the investigation of physical conditions in space and of stars, planets, and their moons through the use of artificial satellites, space probes, and manned spacecraft.

It is further indicated that although studies from Earth using optical and radio telescopes had accumulated much data on the nature of celestial bodies, it was not until after World War II that the development of powerful rockets made direct exploration a technical possibility.

It now needs to be pointed up that the Encyclopedia refers to optical telescopes via which it can be presumed various kinds of information packages (about the Moon, for example) were acquired.

However, as has been outlined in Chapter 16, the matter of the telescopes has never surfaced as a straightforward one—in that the larger telescopes have been sequestered under official control, and this on a world-wide basis.

COMMENT: Common sense tells us that large telescopes were utilized to spy on the Moon as early as the 1920s. Yet, it should be noted that no downloading of information from these telescopes has ever descended into public cognizance. It is therefore possible to assume that elements of the cover-up had emerged as early as the 1920s.

What was discovered and determined via the larger optical telescopes has

become a permanently missing information package.

October 4, 1957. The USSR launched the first Earth-orbiting artificial satellite, Sputnik I. The dormant U.S. program is thereby spurred into action, leading to international competition, popularly known as the "space race."

COMMENT: The "space race" for what? As early as 1961, it had been clearly established in the open media as consisting of who was to be the first to acquire supremacy in space, with particular emphasis on colonizing the Moon.

In fact, the American effort was galvanized into feverish activity because of the fear that the Soviets would acquire the supremacy.

This particular factoid is omitted from the Encyclopedia—and is likewise omitted from all materials published AFTER the United States desisted from further Moon explorations in December, 1972.

January 31, 1958. Explorer I, the first Earth-orbiting American satellite is launched.

Having indicated this much, the Encyclopedia goes on: Although Earth-orbiting satellites have by far accounted for the great majority of launches in the space program, even more information on the Moon and other planets, and the Sun, has been acquired by unmanned space probes and manned spacecraft.

In the decade following Sputnik I, the United States and the Soviet Union between them launched about 50 unmanned space probes to explore the MOON.

The first probes were intended either to pass by close to the Moon (flyby), or to crash into it (hard landing.)

September, 1959—The USSR Luna 2 made a hard lunar landing.

November, 1959—Luna 3 took pictures, for the first time ever, of the Moon's far side.

February 1966—Luna 9 achieved the first lunar soft landing.

April 1966—Luna 10 orbited the Moon.

Both Luna 9 and 10 sent back many television pictures to Earth.

The Encyclopedia goes on to state that American successes generally lagged behind Soviet accomplishments by several months, but provided more detailed scientific information.

COMMENT: A rather strange factor now needs to be interjected regarding the "more detailed scientific information." It is permissible to assume that at least some detailed information might vastly change the stereotyped Dead Moon picture. And indeed many scientists not only acknowledged the existence of such information, but wrote and published papers regarding it. Yet nothing that seriously conflicted with the Dead Moon Dictum was officially acknowledged to the public or integrated into standard academic or media sources.

The Encyclopedia continues: In the U.S. program, the early Pioneer launches

were largely failures, as were the first five launches of the Ranger series, which attempted semihard landings of rugged instruments. Subsequent Rangers carried only television cameras and impacted at full speed.

Beginning in July, 1964, Rangers 7, 8 and 9 transmitted thousands of pictures, many taken at altitudes less than 1 mile just before impact and showing craters of only a few feet in diameter.

July, 1966. Surveyor 1 touched down. In addition to television cameras, it carried instruments to measure soil strength and composition.

COMMENT: Public cognizance was duly informed about lunar soil strength and composition. Whatever else the television cameras might have filmed was never commented upon.

August, 1966. The United States successfully launched the first Lunar Orbiter, which took pictures of both sides of the Moon as well as the first pictures of Earth from the Moon's vicinity. The primary mission of the Orbiter program was to locate suitable landing sites for Apollo, the manned spacecraft program.

COMMENT: The landing sites selected for the Apollo missions turned out to be some of the most featureless, arid, desolate locations on the Moon, and were in proximity to the lunar Equator. There is no publicly available evidence that either the Soviets or the Americans even sent a television camera into, say, the craters Plato or Aristarcus—otherwise known for copious lunar anomalies, some of which are described as being quite lush.

Between May 1966 and November 1968, the United States launched seven Surveyors and five Lunar Orbiters to photograph and map the Moon.

COMMENT: However, it seems that none of the photographing and mapping included any areas noted for their anomalies.

Also in 1968, NASA released its *Chronological Catalog ofReported Lunar Events.* The strangeness of this catalog has already been discussed in Part Two. "Lunar events," of course, should be read as "lunar anomalies." The catalog listed multitudes of lights and other phenomena taking place in certain quite large lunar craters.

NASA never published any follow-ups on the lunar anomalies, even though it might have done so by virtue of the enormous amounts of information derived from the Surveyors and Orbiters.

When the manned Apollo crafts DID finally arrive at the Moon, all of the locations selected for the touchdowns were far distant from any of the sectors that had always yielded high incidence of anomalous activity.

The following manned Apollo craft landed on the Moon:

–July 20, 1969: Apollo 11.

–November 19, 1969: Apollo 12.
–February 5, 1971: Apollo 14.
–July 30, 1971: Apollo 15.
–July 30, 1971: Apollo 16.
–December 11, 1972: Apollo 17.

The Soviets sent to the Moon the following unmanned Luna crafts:

–September 20, 1970: Luna 16.
–November 17, 1970: Luna 17.
–February 21, 1972: Luna 20.
–January 16, 1973: Luna 21.
–August 16, 1976: Luna 24.

Regarding the line-up above of the American and the Soviet expeditions to the Moon, the Columbia Encyclopedia states:

"Until late 1969, it appeared that the USSR was also working toward a manned lunar landing.… After Apollo 11, however, the USSR apparently abandoned the goal of its own manned lunar exploration.… After the Apollo program, the United States continued manned space exploration with Skylab, an earth-orbiting space station that served as workshop and living quarters for three astronauts."

The trusty Encyclopedia does not come directly out and SAY that the United States abandoned its own Moon excursions after Apollo 17 in December 1972.

But such is the direct implication.

Thereafter, public attention was directed to the awesome potentials of Skylab, and to space craft launched, in 1971, to the planet Mars. The possibility of Moonbase quickly, and too quietly, receded from public cognizance.

Indeed, few were aware that manned excursions to the Moon had ceased. I, myself, until sometime after my encounter with Mr. Axelrod in 1975, did not notice that such excursions had ceased.

If the brief chronology outlined above is taken at face value, it appears to hold water. But if one attempts to identify what information packages are missing from it, then the chronology becomes quite wobbly.

One of these missing information packages might consist of a companion chronology of UFO activity. As it turns out, the Earthside space effort is NEVER discussed within the contexts, or the chronology of, UFO activity—and which, to all apparent purposes, is Spaceside space activity.

For clarity, the information package of Earthside excursions into space is

never discussed alongside information packages of Spaceside excursions into Earthside space (i.e., our planet and its Moon.)

I'll now reduce the above Earthside space excursions into a quite simple chronology.

1. As of about 1958, Earthsiders proposed to get to and colonize the Moon with Moonbases;
2. Earthsiders first got to the Moon with TV cameras and sensitive instruments, and between 1969 and 1972 physically landed on it;
3. After achieving this much, Earthsiders shifted focus away from the Moon;
4. The Moon was never officially heard of again until the early 1990s when the U.S. Army launched project Clementine—a lunar orbiter with three kinds of cameras capable of high resolution of the kind that can read from space a bubble-gum wrapper in a New York City gutter.

    5. High resolution photos from Clementine's awesome spy-in-the-sky cameras have not been released—although many photos of lesser resolution have been published.

Why the Moon was abandoned is a reasonable question, especially after the earlier enormous enthusiasm and billions of dollars poured into attempts to get there.

Well, Earthsiders got there. But they never went back.

In the sense of all of the above, then, there are several rather large information packages flopping around. Why we never went back to the Moon is certainly one of them. In this sense, why one does NOT go someplace if one builds the costly equipment to get there is, after all, something to be wondered about.

CHAPTER 21

THE PROBLEM OF INTELLECTUAL PHASE LOCKING

It is quite easy to assume that there is an Earthside cover-up regarding some kind of Spaceside factor that seems to necessitate the cover-up, at least in the minds of those insider officials who might have access to ALL relevant information packages.

On the other hand, just outside the margins of the cover-up an entire counter-cover-up industry has come into existence embodied in thousands of books and articles about WHAT the cover-up is covering up.

In this way, a very complicated relationship has developed between the cover-up forces and the counter-cover-up revolutionaries. It is, of course, easy to identify the obvious factors of this complicated relationship.

However, if the issue involved only the obvious factors, then the cover-up could not work for very long.

As it has transpired, the cover-up might have had quite fine legs to stand upon during the 1950s. As time went on, though, the cover-up has literally become quite flimsy.

But it continues in power anyway. WHY it continues in power is difficult to articulate.

One can really begin to wonder if, in its bigger-picture sense, the cover-up is covering up the actuality of Spaceside activity of numerous kinds—one kind being the vivid and very frequent appearance of UFOs that are visible world-wide to Earthsiders.

The Earthsiders who chance to witness UFO activity are, of course, outside of direct cover-up control parameters whose insider personnel organize and promulgate intellectual reasons by which the UFO witnesses cannot have seen or experienced what they did.

The whole of this certainly seems akin to a rather silly but remarkable revolving door which both spits out and chews up information, among other things.

It also seeks to distort and to destabilize the reality confidence factor not only of the thousands of witnesses, but of the general Earthside populations as well.

Thus, the counter-cover-up industry seeks to reveal the facts about WHAT the cover-up is covering up—and in this regard copious amounts of delicious data

have been presented for those interested in tracking it down.

In this sense then, the counter-cover-up enthusiasts work to demobilize the cover-up by attempting to put the lie to the cover-up. However, this in turn means putting the lie to the official echelons which have promulgated the cover-up—and continue to do so regardless of the availability of counter-cover-up information.

In this way, a powerful dichotomy has come into existence. DICHOTOMY is defined as a division or the process of dividing into two—especially into two mutually exclusive or contradictory groups, or into two contradictory information sets.

Although the great uninitiated masses might not understand it very well, there is a famous dictum along these lines called Divide and Rule.

At first sight, one might think this has nothing at all to do with the cover-up and counter-cover-up fiasco, but there are several elements of Divide and Rule that can become apparent if one patiently constructs a larger picture of what is involved.

Rulership through dividing requires that the dividing first result in rather hefty and perpetuating confusions—behind which, and through which, the rulership can be effective.

As it is, the counter-cover-up enthusiasts tend to focus on the extraterrestrial details which are being covered up, many details of which can be completely documented as fact.

The cover-up forces continue to "rule" anyway—largely, it might seem, because the facts apparently don't matter on the one hand, while on the other hand the resulting confusions seem to aid and abet the cover-up.

This kind of rather astonishing situation suggests that if the cover-up was to be submitted to legal procedures and dragged into court where not insignificant amounts of evidence would be considered, the most probable outcome might be that the cover-up would undergo indictment.

The cover-up, however, is not submitted to legalistic inspection. Instead, it is "submitted" to science, and to scientific oversight—and the whole of which not only pompously comes down with a mainstream bang on the side of the cover-up, but can be seen as giving sustenance and artificial life-support to it.

As but one easily accessible example of this, the atmosphere of the Moon had been identified as early as the 1920s, and, as well, identified by prominent scientists of that decade.

With the advent, however, of the Earthside space race to colonize the Moon, the prevailing wisdom of Science obstinately downloaded into public cognizance the authenticity of the airless Dead Moon Dictum.

The airless Dead Moon Dictum was maintained in place by SCIENCE until 1997, when Science thence "discovered" the lunar atmosphere.

With this announced 1997 discovery, the direct meaning is that the Apollo astronauts DID NOT land on an airless Moon as vividly proclaimed—for if the lunar atmosphere was there in 1997, it was certainly also there back in 1970, and was certainly there when it was first espied and identified back in 1920, or earlier.

Previous to the 1997 "discovery," however, the counter-cover-up workers had published in very numerous books enormous quantities of Moon atmosphere evidence, the authenticity of which should automatically reinstate the many authors as having been factual all along.

As it was, an information package regarding the existence of the lunar atmosphere had been available all along. And its existence had been documented well before anyone actually thought of colonizing the Moon before the Soviets did.

The existence of the lunar atmosphere information package was scientifically denied, and the scam of the airless Dead Moon Dictum package was, as it now must be said, FOISTED into public cognizance and acceptance.

We could circulate through all of the obvious and subtle issues involved by now. For example, the reason WHY the lunar atmosphere was announced in 1997, when it could have been announced in 1958 when the lunar conquest program got underway.

Since the 1997 announcement clearly downloads not from science per se, but from the cover-up strata that incorporate science, there must be a good reason for it. Whatever it is, however, remains opaque.

In any event, an effective cover-up scam requires a wide latitude of erected confusions in order to succeed.

The confusions have to do not with facts, but with how Earthsiders think of them, or how they can be encouraged to think of them. Earthsiders, of course, think by processing packaged information rather than by processing random data that has not yet been encapsulated into a packaged form.

The distinction between random and packaged information is that the former has not achieved much in the way of meaning, while meaning has been attributed and assigned to the latter. As it is, Earthsiders are not all that interested in data that, to them, do not mean very much.

Thus, more precisely defined, packaged information is meaning-managed information—because of which, and out of which, intellectual phase-locking among biological separate individuals can take place.

More simply put, if groups of Earthsider individuals can be brought, one way

or another, into agreement about the meaning of something, then their communal intellectual processes will phase-lock with each other.

Group-think can then be formed with respect to this or that information package resulting in that intellectual phenomenon earlier referred to as mindsets.

The most immediate result is a kind of group-mind thing.

If one takes time to consider the logical emanations of this, the basic purpose of the Space Age cover-ups has NOT simply been to deny certain factors in the face of evidence that supports them.

It is far more likely that a concerted, and rather successful, attempt was undertaken with regard to TWO principal functions:

1. To increase rather than decrease space age confusions, so as better to promulgate and rule via disinformation packages;

2. To erect and reinforce a particular kind of planet-wide intellectual phase-locking that is data deficient with regard to the meaning not of Earthside affairs, but with regard to the meaning of Spaceside activities.

Anyone who has read any of the counter-cover-up materials will recognize that the cover-up has been exceedingly successful with regard to (1) above.

But although some few might intuitively respond to (2) above, the enormous hubbub of (1) has completely obliterated the *MEANING* of Spaceside activities —and which is so low as to be nil.

The most probable way (2) has been achieved is by keeping separate various kinds of information packages—which, if integrated, might contribute to at least some discovery regarding such meaning.

As it is, Earthsiders are completely malleable regarding (2) above, in that by historical habit they intellectually phase-lock on limited numbers of information packages—and eject those that don't fit into the phase-locking.

Thus, the whole (so to speak) of all possible information packages is kept broken apart. And THIS, of course, is quite convenient to the time-tested Divide and Rule procedure.

It should be pointed up here that this understanding is not novel or original to this writer. Others have similarly identified it, albeit under the different nomenclature of the individual's "local realities" versus "non-local realities."

The latter, of course, refers to realities that are larger and more encompassing

—even to the degree of being universal in their contexts.

This is to say that Earthsiders do not think outside of Earthside local realities.

This is further to suggest that the realities of Spacesiders might not fit into ANY recombination of Earthside information packages—and especially so IF Earthside intellectual phase-locking is deficient with regard to any Spaceside realities except those officially admitted to by Science.

And here it must be pointed up that the Earthside Sciences are focused only on the physical aspects of whatever is in space.

While almost all Spaceside realities constitute nothing less than a complete mystery, there is at least one of those realities that can easily intellectually phase-lock with one Earthside reality.

But in attempting to elaborate on this, we will encounter what amounts to an Earthside reality that in itself is deeply mysterious.

CHAPTER 22

THE "TELEPATHIC" CONNECTION?

My first encounter with Mr. Axelrod in the underground place took place in 1975. This was approximately three years after Apollo 17 had visited the Moon, after which U. S. interest in colonizing the lunar satellite seems to have evaporated.

I, however, was not then aware of the evaporation—believing, as most did, that the lunar conquest was somehow on-going.

Likewise, I thought the airless dead Moon was in fact just that. I did not begin to accumulate the information in Part Two until the mid-1980s.

It will be recalled that Mr. Axelrod and I discussed telepathy, and that he ultimately asked me to jot down my thoughts in that regard. At the time, I didn't give this request much thought, more or less thinking that it was just a natural part of discussing ESP in general.

I don't remember exactly what I wrote down, but I do remember that Mr. Axelrod's face lost its perpetual conviviality at this topic, his lips drawing into something of a thin line.

I assumed that the .Axelrod affair was completely over and done with until the inadvertent event in Los Angeles which included the overly sensual female, my ultimate goosebumpish response to her, and the sighting of the twins.

Without the sighting of the twins, I would certainly have attributed any ET factor to my imagination—largely because what Earthsiders cannot explain we allocate to that widely-shared intellectual phase-locking called "fantasy."

The next thing that happened was Mr. Axelrod's telephone call to me in Grand Central station (of all places)—during which Axelrod pumped me for information about whether the female had psyched me out.

When thereafter my somewhat overworked synapses had cooled back into some kind of working order, it slowly began to dawn on me that Axelrod was actually in an uproar over what we Earthsiders refer to as telepathy—not on my part, but on the part of the female.

The fact that Axelrod was quite serious with his inquiries seemed to imply that the female, or extraterrestrial, had a SERIOUS type of telepathy capable of something dire. A type of telepathy plus, as one might suppose, a type which beyond being a channel for information exchange might also achieve something

along the lines of mind bending and fried brains.

However, it was only Mr. Axelrod's emphatic concern that shifted this into the fact that it was later to become in my own appreciation of things.

He knew *They* existed, that at least some of them were dwelling Earthside, and that They WERE in possession of telepathy plus.

Thereafter, when time permitted, I expended effort to not only understand more about telepathy, but to try to think of it outside of the standard intellectual phase-locking typical of the modern age.

Although I don't remember much of what I noted down for Mr. Axelrod about telepathy in 1975, I would have included certain conclusions I had already concretized.

I would have indicated that telepathy must be inherent in our species, and not simply a matter of certain unique individuals seemingly specially gifted with it. After all, some of the most well-documented cases of telepathy involve spontaneous experiences at the mass level.

What I would not have included was an understanding I came to much later. This involves the matter of the nature of consciousness as will be discussed—not individual consciousness, but Consciousness as a universal premise and life force.

As to telepathy plus, I didn't have much reality on what THIS would consist of—until in 1989 when I began in-depth studies of CHI GONG. THEN I began to have some idea of what telepathy plus WOULD consist of.

The fact that telepathy plus IS possible for Earthsiders is the fundamental fact that has caused me to write this book.

Although my knowledge about telepathy has a good way yet to go, I now know much more about it—about both what it must consist of, and what it doesn't consist of.

In accumulating this information package, it became possible for me to make the following and quite basic observation, an observation that is easy enough to substantiate.

Telepathy is the most forbidden element of Earthside consciousness. Indeed, so forbidden that Science would rather accept reincarnation, the existence of the soul, and life after death—PROVIDED those situations DID NOT include any telepathic possibility.

WHY this is the case is but a small tip of a gigantic iceberg.

CHAPTER 23

TELEPATHY–THE PREEMINENT PENETRATION MODALITY

Whatever may or may not be said regarding telepathy, two very clear and unambiguous statements can be made about it.

First, it CAN be said that IF telepathy exists, then it would be of such overreaching and extraordinary importance that all Earthside institutions would have to be "reorganized" in the face of it.

Second, if a wide enough overview is accumulated about telepathy, and about how it is generally treated by Earthsiders, it is one human faculty that has a most excellent chance of being summarily shot down before it has a chance to open and wink its all-seeing eye.

The most visible explanation for this is that telepathy penetrates MINDS—and so its development is definitely cast into troubled waters where any format or element of mental secrecy might be involved.

It must be more or less admitted that most Earthside human activities cannot really get anywhere unless they are mounted upon this or that format of motivational secrecy or hidden agendas.

Using this situation as a simple rule of thumb, one can then easily grasp the extent and nature of the anti-telepathic antipathies that can be generated and exerted from the top of societal pyramids down into the populations beneath them.

I have no hesitation in stating the above, because a full part of it is a fallout based on real experiences of mine. As but one significant example, for fifteen years I was involved in secret developmental Psi work at the prestigious Stanford Research Institute. The work (in developing remote viewing) was largely funded by the U.S. intelligence agencies.

Because of this, many Washington types and many noted scientists visited SRI. Very many of them met only with my colleagues, and refused to meet little Moi, so much so that they would not even take lunch with me.

The reason: "Jesus, he can read my mind! I can't let him get anywhere near me." This quote is NOT paraphrased.

One of the amusing aspects of this is that IF telepathy is what it is, then one need not be in the proximity of a telepath in order to have their mind penetrated.

Another amusing aspect is that the funding agencies did sponsor the secret

developmental work in remote viewing—somewhat on the grounds that it penetrates things, not minds.

This is to say that remote viewing pertains to penetration of "physicals," not to penetration of "mentals."

In any event, the principal reason why ALL formats of Psi research are marginalized, treated to energetic diminishment, or suppressed altogether is that those formats do include potentials too near the hated and unwanted telepathic faculties.

So, the whole barn of psychic research must be burnt down as quickly as possible, making sure that the telepathic horses don't escape.

There is one notable exception to this, and one utilized for creative cover-up purposes. This exception involves the discovery of approaches to telepathy most noted either for the fact that they DO NOT work, or because they serve to disorient and defeat approaches that MIGHT work.

Thus, the concept that telepathy is a mind-to-mind thing involving a sender and a receiver has been given extraordinary publicity—and has in fact become the principal Earthside cultural model for it.

Intellectual phase-locking into this non-productive model is so intense and so widespread that Earthsiders literally cannot think of telepathy in any other way.

With the exception of some few experiments in the former Soviet Union, and in the Peoples Republic of China, the sender-receiver model has not yielded anything more than slightly above-chance results.

Even if the slightly above chance statistics are jerked around a little, none of them approach anything like telepathy plus.

And yet the sender-receiver model of telepathy has been clung to for a little over a hundred years.

As my own information package about telepathy increased, it was logical enough to first assume that since telepathy could be seen as a threat to all sorts of Earthside secrecy factors, those same secrecy factors would not, with any sense of humor, look upon the development of truly effective penetrative types of telepathy. This probability still remains paramount, and clearly has an Earthside basis that can easily be established as such.

But if one approaches the concept that extraterrestrial intelligences might indeed be in possession of telepathy plus, then the Earthside picture that seems so certain all by itself, can easily take on some larger and astonishing dimensions.

Earthsiders can think that if Spaceside entities exist, then they are possessed of intelligence, and the same Earthsiders can indeed assume that alien intelligence to be, as often stated, "superior" to human intelligence.

After all, the Spaceside entities can build craft exceeding the limits of Earthside scientific knowledge. And so not only their technology, but their "minds" as well MUST be superior.

Even so, the only mind-models Earthsiders have for "mind" are their own rather limited versions of what mind consists of—and from this Earthside model has been sanitized all factors that Earthsiders themselves don't want to consider or put up with.

Thus, Earthsiders project THEIR minds as conceptualized upon all potential extraterrestrial entities.

In this sense, the intellectual phase-locking regarding mind is planet wide, with the final situation being that the further one moves upward in Earthside power structures the more constricted that phase-locking becomes.

Thus, there is some pungent and meaningful kind of hidden story here. But whatever it is, it clearly begins with the fact that Earthside science, philosophy, religion, sociology and psychology DO NOT sponsor research into what can collectively be called Psi—while those same noble institutions are rather noted for condemning it.

The modern Space Age facilities need not bother with the existence of extraterrestrial minds because those same facilities insist that nothing of the kind exists—near Earth, anyway.

Most surprisingly, one might think that Ufologists would consider mental processes of extraterrestrials, since they are so energetically involved with extraterrestrial equipment and technology.

None of the above will touch the topic of Psi with a ten-foot pole, and all of the above protest any feasible, positive necessity for acting any other way—although some psychologists studying abduction phenomena have begun to notice the telepathic factor.

At least two observations can be made relevant to the above. First, one might consider that the Earthside retreat from Psi is something akin to protesting too much.

Second, if I were an ET with highly developed Psi skills (and which might have led in the first place to the evolution of superior technology), I wouldn't particularly want Earthsiders to develop Psi faculties.

And if telepathy was an element in, say, consciousness universal, I'd soon figure out how to telepathically impregnate Earthside human consciousness with intellectual phase-locking that was detrimental to positive telepathic plus development.

The reason might be very obvious. After all, what ET would want Earthside telepaths penetrating Spaceside affairs, especially, perhaps on the Moon so near

to them?

Thus, in this, at least, Spacesiders and Earthsiders might have something in common—the Telepathy War, won hands down so far by the Spacesiders.

CHAPTER 24

THE EARTHSIDE CONCEPT OF TELEPATHY

In the previous chapter, I pointed up that the modern concept of telepathy has not produced much in the way of evidence for telepathy much above some very low threshold activity.

In other words, human telepathic faculties are known to exist. But, with the exception of spontaneous examples of telepathy, it does not function in a high-stage way.

There could be any number of reasons for this. But one reason is that the concept is at odds with what telepathy really consists of. Because that concept is assumed to be so correct, it is never questioned—resulting in failure to move beyond it.

This is the same as saying that the concept is so widespread that strong intellectual phase-locking of the concept has taken place.

During modern scientific times, the standard images of telepathy usually picture two heads or brains facing each other. The two heads or brains are meant to represent two MINDS. But since no one seems to have figured out how to render a mind into a pictorial image, an image of a head or brain stands in for one.

Between the two heads or brains are usually placed something like squiggly lines.

The squiggles are meant to be suggestive of vibrations or waves telepathically traveling from one mind to the other mind. Sometimes one of the two heads is indicated as "sender," the other as "receiver." Since telepathy is identified with thoughts, the squiggly lines are meant to represent them.

The modern idea fundamentally holds that telepathy is MIND-TO-MIND, and that the brain, or at least the head, is assumed to be the Seat of the mind or the mind itself. This fundamental idea seems entirely logical.

However, the above only represents the chief THEORETICAL model of telepathy as envisioned by some early psychical researchers about a hundred years ago.

But because of its apparent logic, the theory was assumed to be the truth of telepathy.

Since the theory seemed so logical, the mind-to-mind concept quickly

underwent widespread intellectual phase-locking to the degree that it soon obtained the planetary-wide status of unquestioned and unchallenged consensus reality.

Whether things are true or not, consensus reality usually casts them into cement. Thereafter, it is very difficult to tamper with a consensus reality—especially one that has "gone planetary," so to speak.

But if the modern concept of telepathy is somewhat dispassionately examined, then, as we will shortly see, the first and major problem encountered relates to where and to what the mind is—and to IF it is.

Beyond that, we can see that the modern concept of telepathy has hardly any long-term historical tradition which would establish it as a natural constituent of our species.

So one has to rummage around in early history in a kind of archaeological dig in order to discover what there was in the way of antecedents to telepathy.

The ancient Romans identified two major terms which apparently referred to two different kinds of thought processes. We continue to use them today, but in quite different ways.

The Latin INTELLECTUS referred to the processes of thinking while in the awake state. The thinking was based on the physical senses, but included the senses of emotional feeling, the will, and decision-making based on perceived evidence.

The Latin INTUITUS was taken to refer to anything that did not fit into the parameters of INTELLECTUS, but which anyway influenced persons AND what happened or was to happen to them.

It was considered that INTUITUS was greater than individuals, but that individuals had a kind of intuitive thought processing capability. Some had more of this INTUITUS than others, and so INTUITUS was a Roman extension of the great traditions in antiquity regarding shamans, oracles and seers.

This great tradition was world-wide, and far antedated even the ancient Romans and Greeks. In this very ancient tradition, it is quite probable that what we now specify as clairvoyance, intuition and telepathy were all housed within the same concept and not identified separately.

The usefulness of INTUITUS was that it provided information to users, and they didn't much care how it was gotten, only that it was.

We have only to add our contemporary idea of mentally processing information to the concepts of INTELLECTUS and INTUITUS, and we come up with a rather clear picture of the past.

But like the ancients, we would have to specify different mental processes for different kinds of information.

We do this by indicating that there is a difference between:

(1) information derived from immediately objective sources; and
(2) information subjectively de rived from sources that are not immediately objective.

The only real difference between the ancient and the modern ideas of intellect and intuition is that we today think of them as THINGS—while the ancients considered them as information acquisition processes or functions.

But there is one more quite subtle difference. When we think of intellect and intuition as things, we will then try to use our things as tools to acquire information. In this sense, we first position the tool ahead of the information it is supposed to deal with.

Since we think of intellect and intuition as things, we suppose that the ancients did likewise.

But the evidence is quite strong that they first positioned the information to be acquired by whatever means, and didn't really conceptualize thing-like tools needed to acquire it.

This subtle tradition still goes on, albeit outside of modern science and psychology. Many highly functioning people want information—and they still don't particularly care how they get it as long as they do get it.

We well understand that between intellect and intuition quite different thought processes are involved.

However, since in our modern times we don't know what intuitive thought processing consists of, we attempt to utilize intellectual thought processing to achieve intuitive results.

The results achieved by this mismatching are not much better than chance expectation.

It was not until the sixteenth century that the concept of clairvoyance made its appearance in France. This commenced the distinction of separate INTUITUS factors.

In French, the term was first utilized in the contexts of keen insight, clearness of insight, insight into things beyond the range of ordinary perception. These French definitions are approximate to the early Roman idea of INTUITUS. The emphasis, of course, was on INSIGHT.

The route of the French CLAIRVOYANCE into English is not clear, but it seems it was not adapted into English usage until about 1847. When it did appear in English, it carried a slightly different definition: a supposed faculty of some persons consisting ofthe mental perception of objects at a distance or

concealed from sight.

Unless the difference is pointed up, it probably won't be noticed. There is a strategic difference between the concept of insight and the concept of perceiving objects at a distance or concealed from sight.

Within the context of this book, the definitions of INSIGHT are somewhat amusing: the power or act of seeing into a situation; penetration; the act of apprehending and penetrating into the inner nature of things or seeing intuitively.

The use, in English, of the term CLAIRVOYANCE served to detach it from insight, and then to establish a special category limited to the "seeing" THINGS.

The emphasis thus shifted toward a specialty interest only as regards mental mechanisms via which clairvoyance might function.

With the English concept of clairvoyance thus established as seeing THINGS (not seeing insight, as it were,) it then becomes obvious that a companion category having to do with penetrating minds was necessary. After all, human experiencing IS involved with things AND mental activities.

This special category already existed when the English concept of clairvoyance came into existence.

The category was called THOUGHT-READING, and had a history going back for some centuries. The history was rather wobbly, though, since thought-reading had been used as a form of entertainment, and was thus heavily occupied by frauds.

The only concept of real thought-reading that has survived down until today is expressed as someone "reading" someone else's "beads"—thereby gaining insight, *etc.*

In any event, the parameters of what might constitute thought-reading were vague—and also carried the disadvantage of being related to the idea that thought-reading could be "picked up" in group kinds of ways.

Such spreading about could, by some unknown subliminal means, result in infectious hysteria of what was latter termed "mob psychology"

What was wanted in order to break away from thought-reading was a concept that specifically identified "direct action of one mind on another, independent of the ordinary senses." No such restrictions could be applied to thought-reading because of its somewhat notorious group-link characteristics.

To fulfill the idea of direct action of one mind on another, the concept of THOUGHT-TRANSFERENCE appeared in England between 1876 and 1881.

However, this concept was short-lived, because it remained somewhat cluttered with a confusion revolving around the idea that some kind of trance-like rapport was involved regarding the transference of thoughts and emotions. The transfer of emotions was still quite close to group responsiveness via some

kind of entrainment.

All of these problems were gotten around (or so it was thought) with the coining, in about 1882, of the term TELEPATHY by the psychical researcher, F. W H. Myers.

One of the most cogent summaries of telepathy is found in the 1920 *Encyclopedia of the Occult* compiled by Lewis Spence.

Therein we read that "The idea of inter-communication between brain and brain, by other means than that of the ordinary sense-channels, is a theory deserving of the most careful consideration."

Compacted this way for research purposes, "The idea" sounds absolutely great, doesn't it?

Well, as already mentioned, "The idea" represents the chief horror of all horrors—in that very few humans relish the idea of having their brains penetrated in this way at all.

As Lewis Spence (among other of his contemporaries) noted in 1920, inter-communication by means other than that of the ordinary sense-channels is something deserving of careful consideration.

But this implies that there would have to be a desire to commence the consideration in the first place. After all, one has to establish the need or willingness to consider something before one can go ahead and "carefully" consider it.

Since the idea of telepathy is somewhat in conflict with preserving the idea of secretive power, the road of telepathy begun in 1882 was to find itself filled with major social blockages.

In any event, Myers established a rather precise definition for the new term: "a coincidence between two person's thoughts which requires a causal explanation."

The "causal explanation" was theorized as being like radio broadcasting "waves" which were sent and duplicated by receivers known as radios.

TELEPATHY replaced the earlier term, THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE, largely because the latter did not avail itself of the radio-wave hypothesis as THE causal explanation. Thereafter, the image of telepathy I've outlined at the head of this chapter has held complete sway.

However, and as established, since telepathy cannot really exist without its major substance—thoughts–the telepathy situation still revolves around thoughts and their direct transfer from one brain to another.

We now encounter the first of the major stumbling blocks. Everyone realizes that a thought contains information. And so here we are in the vicinity of a quite good analogy—a bottle of wine. Thoughts are the wine. But what does the bottle consist of?

THOUGHT is one of those terms that have many definitions—too many to bring any clarity to the issue.

THOUGHT: the action or process of thinking; serious consideration; recollection; reasoning power; the power to imagine; something that is thought; the individual act or process of thinking; intention; plan; the intellectual product of organized views and principles of a period, place, group, or individual; characterized by careful reasoned thinking.

As an addendum to the above definitions of THOUGHT, some, but not all, dictionaries also attach the term MINDFUL, the principle definition of which is "inclined to be aware."

So, one can read all of the eleven definitions of THOUGHT—and observe that thought-activity of any or all of them COULD proceed without any professed inclination to be aware of anything.

In the event of this, however, only the grossest cases might become noticeable. They would be dubbed as MINDLESS—that term referring to "inattentive, destitute of awareness, mind, or consciousness."

All of the above might seem like extraneous excursions into words. But actually, one might well wonder if someone would telepathically pick up someone else's mindless thoughts—such as utilizing rather mindless and dull cards of symbols and color shapes to test for telepathy.

As it was back in the nineteenth century, most of these definitions for THOUGHT, and the confusions they carried, were easily available. And so Why-O-Why that term was seized upon at all as relative to telepathy is virtually inexplicable.

A vastly more cogent term would have been INFORMATION TRANSFERENCE.

As to TELEPATHY, this was a neologism put together from two terms: TELE meaning across; and EMPATHY traditionally referring NOT to thought, but to "the capacity for participating in another's feelings or ideas as a result of becoming infused with them."

INFUSE is taken to mean to pour in, to introduce into, to insinuate, inspire, and to animate.

If the reader has found all of the above to be more than a little confusing, well, don't worry.

The concept of telepathy makes perfectly logical sense—IF it is discussed WITHOUT including its attendant difficulties.

If the attendant difficulties are mentioned, then various cognitive problems begin to arise—largely because the assumed logic of the telepathy model DOES NOT consider the "bottle" that contains the wine (thoughts).

CHAPTER 25

EARTHSIDE GROUP-THINK

I have outlined the theoretical concept of telepathy as a mind-to-mind thing made possible by something akin to radio broadcasting waves. I have also pointed up that that model is universally accepted even today as THE correct and only model of telepathy.

And I have more or less challenged the authenticity of that model—largely because nothing has ever developed out of it. Yet, in spite of its demonstrated unworkability, the model is stubbornly clung to by Earthside group-think on a world-wide basis.

The reader might assume that my challenge to its authenticity originates with me. But this is not the case at all.

The concept of telepathy as mind-to-mind came into existence in 1882, and was quite inspirational. Because of what was involved, it was given a very thorough working over during the following twenty-five years.

On the one hand, no real advances were achieved, while on the other hand evidence mounted indicating the theory was neither correct nor applicable.

The latter situation was summarized in 1919 by James Henry Hyslop, a former Professor of Logic and Ethics at Columbia University, and one of the most distinguished American psychical researchers.

Hyslop published a lengthy review of previous telepathy research, and ended up with a six-part statement that "There is no scientific evidence for any of the following conceptions of it."

1. Telepathy as a process of selecting from the contents of the subconscious of any person in the presence of the percipient;
2. Telepathy as a process of selecting from the contents of the mind of some distant person by the percipient and constructing these acquired facts into a complete simulation of the given personality;
3. Telepathy as a process of selecting memories from any living people to impersonate the dead;
4. Telepathy as implying the transmission of the thoughts of all living people to all others individually, with the selection of the necessary facts

for impersonation from one individual by another individual;

5. Telepathy as involving a direct process between agent and percipient;

6. Telepathy as explanatory in any sense whatever, implying [involving] any known cause.

Thus, the news that the theory of telepathy didn't work was available in 1919. Why this evidence was trashed, and why Earthside group-think continued to advocate the unworkable telepathic theory is a question that few have ever considered.

It is perhaps unfortunate that Professor Hyslop published the six findings listed above in his 1919 book entitled *Contact With The Other World*. This topic indeed placed him outside of science and philosophy proper.

As it was, continuing confidence in the unworkable telepathy model was so high that its enthusiasts have simply proceeded advocating it down until the present.

One hypothetical answer as to why Earthside group-think has continued to be infected with the unworkable model of telepathy is that it DOES NOT work.

As long as Earthsiders are intellectually phase-locked into the assumption that an unworkable model is none the less authentic, well, Earthside secrets will remain unpenetrated by telepathic modalities.

If this is the case, than it is not the failed model of telepathy that is important, but rather the Earthside group-think that promulgates acceptance of its authenticity.

Here, then, is a recognizable case of information package management to defeat the development of Earthside telepathy. It does so merely by instituting an information package from which telepathy doesn't stand a chance of being developed.

THIS is like placing and reinforcing a mental screen seemingly so logical that it obscures its own illogic.

We can see that this type of screen would be thought of as advantageous to Earthsiders who would not be thrilled if their secretive activities were to be telepathically penetrated.

One might hypothetically also consider that the ET might likewise NOT be thrilled for much the same Earthside reasons. Thus, Earthside telepathy may be doubly damned, hypothetically speaking of course.

In any event, the nature of Earthside group-think is quite interesting, in that really effective management of information packages can take place only if group-think truly exists and that it does have some kind of telepathic basis.

Otherwise, attempts to manage information packages on an individual basis would be quite laborious.

Group-think is acknowledged as existing. It can be seen in the way Corporations seek to "condition" their employees on behalf of being enthusiastic about the Corporate structure and its goals.

Additionally, the concept of group-think and the concept of intellectual phase-locking seem to have something to do with each other.

Both group-think and intellectual phase-locking appear to be extensions of the age-old axiom that birds of a feather flock together—while THIS is assumed to be an active element of human nature.

If the existence of group-think and intellectual phase-locking is accepted, then the only remaining problem, or opportunity, is what information packages are to be inserted into them and thereafter managed for one end or another.

However, in the light of the above the existence of group-minds cannot be escaped.

And if anyone wants to discover one single topic that is constantly bleeped, avoided and suppressed, you only have to consider the nearly complete absence of this one.

To get into this, even if only partially, it is necessary to start by considering the nature of what Earthsiders have elected to identify as consciousness.

CHAPTER 26

IS CONSCIOUSNESS INDIVIDUAL OR UNIVERSAL?

If one begins to examine the Earthside secrecy regarding UFOs that is by now apparent almost on a daily basis, it is appropriate to first focus on exactly what is being kept secret.

If one thereafter progresses beyond the obvious, one soon finds that not only is information being kept secret, but that disinformation is being supplied from very high levels to disable and cover up information that can't be kept secret.

Thus, the UFO situation is characterized by secrecy barriers and by cover-up stratagems.

There are two factors about this double situation that are remarkable, but which seldom are commented upon.

The first factor has to do with the social dimensions involved. It is quite fair to say that the dimensions are worldwide, or, put another way, planetary.

This factor leads into the second one, the fact that an enormous cooperation is required to keep the secrecy and the cover-up in place through the decades in which both have been implemented and maintained.

The whole of this, of course, is something of a charade in that UFOs have been seen, photographed and videotaped all along. Thus, as this chapter is being written in 1998, the general public dwelling in most nations thoroughly realize that UFOs exist, and that they are operated by intelligence.

If one meditates on all of the above, it can become somewhat clear that the existence of the UFOs is not what is being covered up—because they ARE seen, photographed and videotaped.

Additionally, the idea that the craft are the products of an intelligence can't be covered up—largely because the idea that they are NOT the product of an intelligence is ludicrous.

After wending one's way through the mysteries involved, one can be left with the rather stunning question: WHAT IS IT that is actually being clothed in secrecy and cover-up?

After all, the UFOs are visible planet-wide (and actually on a daily basis if one reads the weekly UFO Update now available via the Internet.) Additionally, the secrecy and the cover-up are trenchantly visible, for they have been adequately exposed in a great number of books.

In the light of this, about the only place the secrecy and cover-ups are being effective is among those responsible for both. This is to say, among government, military, scientific and media hierarchies—all of which remain quite mum about whatever it is those authoritarian structures are remaining mum about.

And whatever this IS, it is not clear at all.

To emphasize: Covering up the obvious is an oxymoronic exercise. But covering up something ABOUT the obvious that is not readily apparent via the obvious evidence could make sense out of what is otherwise only a silly charade.

Every aspiring intelligence analyst proposing to work within secret agencies learns that one way to break a mystery that won't yield to easy explanation is to look around for mysteries that are somehow similar.

In this case, the secrecy and cover-ups are being maintained, rather Big Time, by government, military, science and media collaboration. Therefore, it is useful to look around for another example which those Big Four entities ALSO collaborated in covering up.

One example along these lines comes to mind. This involves an issue that is a little difficult to articulate because it is as energetically suppressed and covered-up as is the issue of ET visitations and intelligence.

A tip of this particular iceberg first surfaced in 1957 when the writer Vance Packard published a book entitled *Hidden Persuaders.* The original meat for Packard's book is given as follows.

In the early 1950s, the owner of a movie theater in New Jersey had apparently learned something about subliminal suggestion. He contrived to briefly flash the words "Drink Coca-Cola" over Kim Novak's face. This resulted in a 58 per cent increase in Coca-Cola sales over a six-week period.

Packard's *Hidden Persuaders* gave depth and substance to this phenomenon, and described how large groups of human minds could be influenced by words or images flashed so quickly that the intellect could not perceive them, but that the subconscious did. Indeed, the fact of subliminal communication and perception was obvious.

Even so, the resulting brouhaha was absolutely enormous, and the Big Four cooperated in establishing negative information packages the purpose of which was to condition public awareness away from the reality of subliminal activities.

If the conditioning steps are examined, it can be seen that they were not entirely unlike those being promulgated regarding the UFO cover-up situation. I.e., to deny, discredit, and decrease confidence.

There are several ways to assess the Vance Packard situation. Eldon Taylor examined it in his book *Subliminal Communication* (1988). As Taylor wrote: "Packard presented a case for persuasion through the art and science of

motivational analysis, feedback, and psychological manipulation.

"Hidden Persuaders was the first open attempt to inform the general public of a potentially Orwellian means to enslave the mind and to do so surreptitiously."

It would have seemed that Packard's book could have been taken culturally in stride since it was no secret (1) that minds could be influenced, and (2) that they were influenced by art, literature, intellectual suggestions, and educational conditioning.

After all, the major goal of any social grouping is to achieve broad intellectual phase-locking, so as to benefit from melded group-mind responses and thereby maintain the contours and workability of the society.

As it was, the Big Four carried on in ways that amounted to a rampage against subliminal perception—and the issue was thereby slowly re-submerged beneath the awareness of public cognizance.

Big Four outrage surfaced again in the early 1970s when yet another book appeared entitled *Subliminal Seduction,* authored by one Wilson Bryan Key. This book quickly underwent several printings by various publishing houses.

So an extra-large dose of negative deconditioning response emerged from the Big Four. The general tenor of the Big Four deconditioning responses verged on apoplexy, which may have induced much the same in the public mind—i.e., sudden diminution or loss of consciousness, sensation, and voluntary brain motion.

Even so, the Big Four reactions were so large that many began to suspect that where there was so much cover-up smoke that there must be a goodly fire. And so the book became much in demand.

Key's book provided substantial evidence that subliminal seduction was being utilized by big-time Madison Avenue advertisers in a conscious effort to influence the public mind in order to increase sales of various products through the integration of hidden messages.

For example, it had been learned that embedding subliminal "messages" in ad illustrations by way of very subtle images of naked women or the words FUCK, SUCK, TITS or BALLS, indeed increased sales of what was being advertised.

The subtle embeds do not work with regard to conscious perception, but rather stimulate activity in the subconscious level where drives or urges for something originate. This results in perception without awareness.

It was ultimately confirmed that subliminal "messages" could induce activation or deadened public responses to just about any issue.

In any event, the so-called "controversy" went bananas. It was summed up in a very hefty and scientifically respectable book entitled *Subliminal Perception: The Nature of a Controversy (1971),* authored by Norman F. Dixon, then at the

University College, London. Dixon's book was never published in the USA as far as I know.

Aside from the elite's obvious efficiency in managing the "public mind" this way or that, the issue of subliminal seduction is clearly attached to the issue of the group-mind. For the "public mind" is, after all a group kind of mind.

The public mind, as a group kind of mind, also is referred to as mass consciousness or mob consciousness.

If one then expends the time and effort to troll for information about mass consciousness, one will encounter a very strange factor regarding cover-ups of information packages.

This must be preceded by mentioning the obvious desire of public managers to understand "human behavior" and how mass human consciousness functions —in order to better mind-control the public mind this way or that.

It is thus unthinkable that no research along these lines has ever been undertaken.

My own research into this area revealed that mass consciousness or mob consciousness research came to an abrupt end in about 1933-1935. This is to say, that it came to an end as far as public access to it is considered.

It ended because of a set of discovered conclusions. Among them, that mob consciousness responded collectively NOT to rational intellectual perspectives, but to some kind of emotional empathy that was somehow subconsciously TRANSMITTED. This, however, could not be explained unless the concept of telepathy was brought into consideration.

And THAT was the end of THAT kind of research.

But here is a rather remarkable link of some kind. If the existence of developed telepathy is put down and covered up by elitist Earthside forces, then if there might be a telepathic Spaceside connection, the existence of that particular factoid would need to be covered up.

It is worth repeating that psychical and parapsychological research more or less bit the dust BECAUSE it proposed to research telepathy—the one human attribute that many Earthside power structures prefer NOT to be developed.

However, in order to get just a bit deeper into this possible issue, it needs to be approached from a slightly different angle. This involves the matter of consciousness.

There are so very many definitions of CONSCIOUSNESS that they altogether assume the guise of a cognitive sump. But even so, there is an official definition of it, and it is this one that the Big Four more or less cling to.

This definition, in its several parts, is found in *The Encyclopedia of Philosophy*, published in 1967. The definition is not obsolete, however, since it

remains more or less in force today.

The definition begins with a reference to John Locke (1632-1704), the renowned English philosopher and founder of British empiricism.

Locke defined CONSCIOUSNESS as "the perception of what passes in a man's own mind … [as the process] of a person's observing or noticing the internal operations of his mind. It is by means of consciousness that a person acquires the ideas of the various operations or mental states, such as the ideas of perceiving, thinking, doubting, reasoning, knowing, and willing and learns of his own mental states at any given time."

The Encyclopedia then goes on to clarify that although the term CONSCIOUSNESS has many definitions, it "has a broad use to designate any mental state or whatever it is about a state which makes it mental.… It is consciousness which makes a fact a mental fact."

Considering the many ambiguous and confusing definitions of CONSCIOUSNESS, the above offers a clinical efficiency that can hardly be doubted. Thus, most would take it at its apparent, and important, face value.

But the definition establishes a parameter that is quite interesting, once it is pointed up.

For the definition consigns the definition of CONSCIOUS to existing within the mechanisms of the individual. This is to say, that although each person has consciousness, it is none the less individual to that person. For increased clarity, each person has consciousness, and thus each is, so to speak, an island of consciousness among multitudes of other islands of the same.

If, then, information is transferred between the islands, it has to be accomplished by objective means.

Nowhere in the Encyclopedia entry is there any hint that consciousness is anything other than individual.

Thus, but without saying so, telepathy as the melding of consciousness independent of objective means of transfer is forbidden.

There is no entry for TELEPATHY in the Encyclopedia. But there is a rather fair synopsis of ESP PHENOMENA, in which telepathy is referred to as a "species of ESP," but within which nothing is learned about it—except an admission that it exists.

As it is, telepathy cannot exist, much less be explained, IF the parameters of consciousness are limited to the mental equipment of the biological individual.

Since information is "exchanged" or "acquired" between human individuals in the absence of any objective methods to do so, and in that the information so exchanged results in mental perception of it, it is obvious that a format of consciousness exists that is independent of each biological human unit.

The Encyclopedia definition thus seems good as far as it goes, but is nonetheless incomplete.

And that definition has deficiencies. For example, it stipulates that consciousness is mental awareness. But long before the Encyclopedia was compiled in 1967, the real existence of the subconscious was confirmed. The principal definition of the SUBCONSCIOUS holds that it is aware of information that the mental awareness is not aware of.

Not only that, but that the subconscious causes the biomental organism to RESPOND to information that the mental awareness is not aware of. And indeed, THIS is the working hypothesis that leads to the efficiency of subliminal "messages."

Additionally, the early mob consciousness research resulted in the considered estimation that information WAS transferred and exchanged at some emotional sub-mental-awareness level.

As a result, some kind of sub-mental union or bonding resulted in what could only be thought of as an unknown kind of telepathy that served to induce behavior of a group-mind force.

One of the concepts that can come out of this is that although each individual may be an island of consciousness, all such islands might be residing in a greater ocean of consciousness which exists independently of each human life unit.

In this regard, the Encyclopedia definition establishes that consciousness IS only what the individual becomes mentally aware of.

But strictly speaking, the definition is describing a FUNCTION of consciousness, not, so to speak, the "substance" of consciousness itself.

And with this, we could now plunge into the intricacies of mysticism whose chief proponents have always held that consciousness is a universal substance, and that each human is only a small manifestation within it.

But I'll shift direction here, in order to get back to the point of this chapter, and indeed this book.

If Spaceside extraterrestrials do exist, and there is plenty of Earthside evidence of them, then one has to wonder about THEIR consciousness. For example, is their consciousness the same universal stuff of human consciousness?

We might also have to wonder if THEIR consciousness is more "technically advanced"—say, something along the lines of their "advanced material technology" so advanced, indeed, that their craft easily disobey the known laws of Newtonian, atomic and quantum knowledge on Earthside.

We might even be inspired to wonder if, in their advanced consciousness technologies, they would remain as klutzy as Earthsiders regarding ESP and

telepathy.

We might also have to wonder if their telepathy is a developed version of a telepathic "language" that is universal within universal consciousness.

Others before me have indicated that if consciousness exists, then it must have operative "laws," and cannot possibly consist only of what a given, individual bio-mind Earthside entity becomes mentally aware of.

If this consideration is given enough extrapolation, however, it could increase the possibility that it might be to someone's benefit to utilize the laws of advanced consciousness technology to ensure:

1. that Earthside entities DO NOT become mentally aware of a lot of things, and

2. that Earthside entities DO become conditioned to be mentally aware only of what someone wants them to be aware of.

The above two possibilities are only very speculative, of course. But if such Earthside mental management was indeed factual, then any ostensible success would depend on DELETING (or at least confusing) certain factors from human mental awareness.

There may be many of such needed deletions. If I wanted to accomplish (1) and (2) above, I'd delete concepts of consciousness that extend beyond individual functioning.

I'd also delete, or at least suppress, the Earthside discovery and efficient applications of subliminal messages and suggestions.

After all, their relevant techniques are effective toward group-mind management and group-think parameters—and especially with regard to which information packages should or should not be intellectually phase-locked upon.

It would also be useful to ensure that different groups of Earthsiders intellectually phase-lock on different and contrasting information packages. This would not only keep the groups confused by each other, but might even keep them antagonistic. And so the concept of Divide and Rule would then be a piece of cake.

All Earthside efforts toward discovering and developing ANY kind of telepathy would have to be vigorously stunted from the get go—because if Earthside telepathy can penetrate Earthside minds, then there is no reason why Spaceside "minds" cannot be penetrated as well.

Having established such goals, I'd then have to figure out how to implement them Earthside, while at the same time ensuring that the goals being implemented Earthside remain thickly covered up.

Fortunately in this regard, Earthsiders intellectually phase-lock quite easily, often in a massive way.

If I were a Spacesider doing this, I would have access to telepathy plus.

And so all that would really be needed are a few subtle tele-powered messages that enter subliminally into the rather backward order of undeveloped Earthside consciousness.

As two additional blessings for Spacesiders, Earthsider elites are usually intellectually phase-locked on the thrill of having secrets, and so they keep everything as secret as they can. This automatically leads to the necessity of covering up their secrets.

And so, as a general prophylactic measure, they usually cover up everything they can.

The foregoing is, of course, a foray into gross speculation—and has, as it does, many holes in it.

But back in Earthside realities, there runs one consistent theme throughout. This is the perpetuating disenfranchisement of telepathy and all that its penetrating aspects it might imply.

POSTSCRIPT–LOTS OF WATER ON THE MOON!

During 1998, while this book was being produced, two major scientific developments were announced concerning the "discovery" of water and atmosphere on the Moon.

It is important to mention these because they are certainly relevant to this book, and because in some quarters they have again aroused enthusiasm about the possibility of colonizing the lunar satellite.

These recent developments are momentous and wonderful, to be sure. The Moon is no longer the dead, arid, airless and uninhabitable satellite that ALL official sources since the 1920s have insisted it was.

Not only is the Dead Moon Dictum now almost magically and abruptly overturned, but these two lunar developments make it seem as though official science is marching onward in some kind of full-disclosure fashion.

However, one must keep in mind that this is the same Moon that was the expensive colonizing target of the American and Soviet 1960s Space Age efforts, the same Moon that was frequently orbited, upon which men walked, and the same Moon no one went back to.

And if one knows something of the Moon's many shocking oddities and anomalies, it is clear that there are numerous lunar factors still lingering in the cover-up scenarios.

As we have seen, those factors are not insignificant. Collectively accumulated by numerous unofficial observers utilizing official documents, evidence for them is copious, direct and quite compelling.

As to the water, it is said to be in the form of ice, mostly at the poles and buried about half a meter beneath the lunar surface.

The estimates are impressive regarding how much of it there is: some six billion metric tons. This is said to be enough to sustain upwards of 100,000 lunar colonists for a century and also provide a fuel source of oxygen and hydrogen for Moonbases and space travel.

While this is exciting news, if the evidence is taken into account for earlier-known lunar clouds and mists clearly visible in some officially released photos of the 1960s, then one cannot think that ALL of the lunar water is only in the form of sub-surface ice.

As any dictionary or encyclopedia will confirm, a cloud is defined as "a visible mass of particles of water in the form of fog, mist, or haze suspended at some height in air or atmosphere." Thus, if the Moon did not have an atmosphere, the mass of water particles would have nothing in which to suspend.

As to the lunar atmosphere, the American Geophysical Union recently indicated that although "conventional wisdom says the Moon is devoid of atmosphere, and in layman's terms this may be close enough to the truth, the space just above the lunar surface is not a total vacuum." (See: AGU Release No. 98-26, 17 Aug 98).

There is, of course, no doubt that the lunar atmosphere is not like Earth's. But even if more tenuous and not as thick, the lunar atmosphere now OFFICIALLY exists, as does the lunar water.

Thus, the UNOFFICIAL sources of the past that referred to the existence of lunar water and atmosphere have turned out not only to be correct, but ironically vindicate their authors.

One of the sardonic fallouts of this is that the materials, including official NASA photography, published by the unofficial sources (see bibliography) might be read with renewed interest.

Official NASA photos that clearly show lunar clouds and mists have been available all along dating especially from the days of the Lunar Orbiters and manned Apollo craft.

The presence of clouds and mists is an undeniable indicator of available water vapor and atmosphere. So one can wonder WHY their existence was unequivocally denied by officialdom in the direct face of the available photos.

Only the amounts of the water and atmosphere would have been in question. Yet the official stance held that there was none of either.

One can hypothetically deduce, as almost all eagle-eyed unofficial analysts did, that the lunar water and atmosphere cover-up was not in the name of science.

It obviously involved other factors which, themselves, must have had some kind of strategic importance regarding why a cover-up should exist in the first place and then be maintained for over sixty years.

Indeed, if one thinks this through, there was no NEED during the 1960s Space Age to cover-up water and atmosphere, since these would have added a great deal to the enthusiasm to colonize the Moon.

Just beneath the surface of the irony, though, are a number of factors that probably will be smoothed over, if not completely erased from lunar history.

The evidence for lunar water was scientifically noted and written about by the early selenographers of the latter part of the nineteenth century and early decades of the twentieth. Later, the analyses of the selenographers were confirmed by official NASA photographs.

To emphasize, as most of the unofficial analysts pointed up, lunar clouds and mists drooping over crater rims can be seen in numerous official NASA

photographs that were achieved during the 1960s.

And so it is to be rapidly conceded (or should have been at least) that where there are clouds, then water and air are not far off. After all, it takes air and water to make clouds.

As but three examples of NASA photos showing clouds, the following have been published in several unofficial sources:

An unmistakable Mackerel type cloud bank can easily be identified just off the crater Vitello (NASA Lunar Orbiter V photo, No. MR 168).

A very large cloud bank hangs over the rim of a crater in Mare Moscovience on the Moon's backside (NASA Lunar Orbiter V photo, No. HR 1033).

However, the same photo shows what seem be two cigar-shaped airborne objects casting shadows on the surface. The photo also shows a very large, circular dome of which the Moon is known to have many, some of which appear and disappear.

Two large cloud banks are seen hugging the edge of crater Lobachavsky (NASA Apo11o 11 and NASS Apollo 16 photo, No. 16-758).

But most remarkable and quite clear in this photo is a large, undeniably round object poised near the top of the crater wall, and casting a dark shadow down-slope.

This is not a dome that might be a natural formation. It is a round object, or structure, circular in all dimensions. It reminds one of a golf ball sitting neatly on a tee.

Whatever it is, it must be extremely large since it is clearly distinguishable in the rather low-resolution photograph. So one wonders if the higher resolution lenses of the military Clementine craft zoomed onto THIS particular "structure." After all, it is said that Clementine "mapped" most of the Moon.

However, any high resolution lunar evidence of any kind remains absent. Of course, detecting ice BENEATH the lunar surface does represent some kind of high resolution capability. It therefore seems logical to think that what is ON the surface might be detected, too.

And so once again we are brought back to the conflicting nature of the official and unofficial versions of the Moon.

The OFFICIAL versions emanated from the combined auspices and gargantuan systems of government, science, academe and major media. The official versions long held that there could not be water (or atmosphere) on the Moon. So all official reports to the public were geared to reinforce the idea of the absence of water.

The UNOFFICIAL versions emanated from numerous individuals some of whom obviously spent considerable research time, effort and money to produce

their books and articles. Among these, for example, was Fred Steckling (see bibliography), whose 1981 book detailed the existence of lunar water (and much more, such as vegetation and artificial structures).

The unofficial versions were of course trashed by various and sometimes nefarious activities of officialdom.

Now that the existence of lunar water has been confirmed, the better of the unofficial sources are vindicated at least as far as water and atmosphere are involved.

However, if the unofficial eagle-eyes could detect evidence for lunar water as early as 1981, then it is almost certain that the same eyes can detect OTHER lunar factors, too, and draw appropriate conclusions about them.

For example, even official low-resolution photos acquired from NASA show many massive golf ball "things" in the most unlikely lunar places. These and the large domes that appear and disappear, are not as hard to detect in the official photos as is the water.

This author is not the first to notice that voyaging to the Moon abruptly ceased some twenty-five years ago and did so after the utterly enormous expenditures of getting there in the first place.

In attempting to identify official explanations for this "loss of interest in the Moon," the one most frequently encountered is (believe it or not) that THE AMERICAN PUBLIC had become disenchanted with costs and results of the NASA Moon program.

It is true that the American public SOMETIMES can influence major affairs. But the Soviet Union also stopped going to the Moon. In the former Soviet Union what the Soviet public thought about anything did NOT matter at all. Anyway, as it turned out on the American side, NASA stopped its expensive Moon colonizing goal but promptly undertook even more costly space age projects in different directions.

Thus, the Moon disappeared into anonymity behind all of the other space age projects even though science, NASA and government insiders certainly did know of the water and atmosphere potentials that made the Moon ultra-ripe for colonization.

It certainly takes a rather simplistic gullibility to accept that the American efforts to colonize the Moon were abruptly canceled because the public, of all things, had lost interest. Indeed, during the 1960s twenty manned Apollo craft and launch equipment had been planned, each paid for at great cost, each built and relatively ready to go.

Yet, only seventeen Apollo missions lifted off, while the remaining three were abruptly terminated.

So, water and atmosphere on the Moon. We had landed there several times albeit in locations where nothing more than the soil and rock immediately beneath could be seen. No high-resolution photos of lunar vistas as seen from the lunar surface were ever released. Great footage, though, of the sand in which the Flag was planted, the one which inadvertently started flapping in the lunar breezes.

Buried in the cover-up are THREE unused Apollo crafts. It is perfectly logical to want to find out why they were left to rust and rot, and why a twelve-year, multi-billion dollar effort should abruptly be abandoned on the rather ridiculous excuse that the public had become disinterested and non-supportive.

Indeed, the disinterested public was NEVER informed that we would not go back to the Moon. Instead, the Moon, fully supplied with water and atmosphere, was simply caused to fade away into official oblivion.

And there the matter would have rested except for the emergence of unofficial versions of the Moon, its anomalies, and its curiosities and all of which have turned out to be correct regarding lunar water and atmosphere.

If one takes the interest and time to read some of these unofficial sources (perhaps beginning with Fred Steckling's competent 1981 book), then one possible reason hooves into view.

As but two historical examples that help give reality to this reason, the following photos (acquired during the 1960s and identified here by NASA reference numbers) unambiguously show "airborne" objects near the lunar surface:

NASAApo110 11 photo, No. 11-37-5438 clearly showing a luminous cylindrical-shaped object in flight above the lunar surface and exhibiting an high-altitude contrail.

NASAApollo 16 photo, No. 16-19238 clearly showing a rather enormous, luminous cigar-shaped or cylindrical object casting its shadow on the lunar surface.

The cylindrical object in the NASA photo takes on added interest for the following reason. During September 1998, the cable station TNT aired a quite good documentary entitled "Secrets of KGB UFO Files." It contained some especially impressive footage (acquired circa the late 1960s) of Soviet MIGs encountering UFOs.

The footage was acquired via nose-cameras of the MIGs sent aloft to intercept unidentified objects intruding into Soviet air space. Among the several UFOs photographed by nose-cameras was a long cylindrical object moving rapidly above an Earthside cloud formation.

When the object sensed it was spotted, it rapidly put on speed and vastly out-

distanced the MIGs chasing it. The TNT documentary indicated that the object had to reach speed of MACH-3 in order to do this. MACH-3 is very fast, and no Earthside craft is anywhere near capable of it.

The size of the fast-moving cylinder was estimated to be two or three times that of the Soviet MIG craft. It almost exactly matches the one in the earlier NASA photo, but which seems to have been much larger.

But we need not lean on historical NASA photos for evidence of this kind, or even on past unofficial versions or books.

Turn to the Internet, and especially to the weekly UFO ROUNDUP which provides a day-by-day listing of Earthside UFO sightings that are reported world-wide to this remarkable Internet publication.

Or access CNI News, a twice-monthly Internet news journal addressing UFO phenomena, space exploration and related issues.

These two excellent Internet sources reveal an almost obscenely large number of UFO cylinders, cigar-shapes, triangles, boomerangs, discs some of them luminous. All of them are quite busy doing whatever they are doing in Earthside's atmosphere, and sometimes just above tree tops.

After the single, most obvious implication of these Internet sources sinks in, IF it does, one might wonder why luminous UFOs are found in the vicinity of both Earth and the Moon.

Another Internet approach is to access the general topics of MOON or MOON STRUCTURES or MOON BASES in the Internet's search engines. One can come across, for example, an article entitled "Astonishing Intelligence Artifacts(?) Found On Mysterious Far Side Of The Moon," authored by Jeff Rense, (with computer enhancements by Liz Edwards of Wonder Productions.)

Indeed, the marvelous search engines of the Internet will lead one thither and yon through all kinds of lunar facts and factoids of which only one-tenth are needed to help fill out a very probable reason for NOT going back to the Moon.

That reason is more awesome than six billion tons of lunar water in the form of sub-surface ice.

Apparently that reason has been existing for a long time, was discovered to be existing during the lunar adventures and misadventures of the 1960s, and is still existing today.

And behind all the official scenes and cover-ups, that reason seems to be getting more complicated and extensive than ever before. And it is both ridiculous and hilarious that mainstream officialdom still pretends it doesn't exist, and still struggles to maintain the cover-up.

One of the strangest factors about all of this is that the topics of lunar UFOs and structures are seldom integrated into the overall Earthside UFO situation and

its very many books and discussions. Indeed, in spite of copious lunar UFO evidence, Ufologists seems to avoid the Moon like the plague.

As but one recent example, a new book came out in *early 1998*, *entitled UFO Headquarters; Investigations on Current Extraterrestrial Activity*, by Susan Wright.

This book is quite nice because for those not saturated with the UFO information available, it briefly reduces massive amounts of confusion into something easy to read and comprehend.

However, it makes no mention of the Moon even though there are very many available sources regarding it.

It would seem that the phrase EXTRATERRESTRIAL ACTIVITY might include ET lunar activity -in that if ETs do exist, then certainly getting to Earth's skies and to the Moon (and even perhaps colonizing it and its water) would not be impossible for them.

And IF they are loitering in the lunar environment, perhaps they can chase away well, NASA efforts, of all things.

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Even so, certain unofficial sources are replete with well-interpreted evidence, documentation, and quite excellent bibliographies that can act as guide to more extensive information. These unofficial sources are indicated by an asterisk (*) With regard to telepathy, hardly any sources have addressed it in other than superficial ways. Although many abductees have indicated that extraterrestrials communicate via some telepathic form that is non-language dependent, I have decided not to include references to the abductee literature which is quite large and easily available.

A large and vivid vacuum of information exists regarding the phenomena of group mind and subliminal group consciousness management that might be invasively influenced by various means such as forms of super-telepathy as yet unacknowledged as existing.

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